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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE CONFRONTS A NEW IDEAL

La Ilustracion Española y Americana, in a leading article on the withdrawal of the Argentine delegation from the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva, comments as follows:

'When Dr. Puyrredón delivered his formal declaration as chairman of the Argentine delegation to the League Assembly at Geneva, he raised a question which must be answered, but which will inevitably precipitate a long and violent debate. What does the withdrawal of this delegation signify, if not the beginning of a policy upon which the whole world must take sides? The voluntary withdrawal of Argentine, followed by that of Chile, cannot be passed over in silence. These acts, which thus ally those countries with the great North American Republic in their attitude toward the League, signify that America is not following a path parallel with that of Europe, but proposes to steer an independent course, remoter from the rocks and reefs of war.

'As enemies of whatever spells destruction and strife between nations, we regard this act with emotion and approval. No. Let us have an end of war and imperialism. America ought not to follow the steps of Europe, and embog itself in bloody alliances, likely to blast its own continent with the sterility of hatred, of military rancor, and endless preparation for new conflicts.

'We look to America for something better. Let discordant Europe fight and die if it will; but let America be a harmonious whole, supreme only in the arts of civilization, imperialist only in the conquest of industry, pacifist in every attitude and act; a competitor in all that is noble and righteous. America should, indeed, keep aloof from us, that the tares of discord may not be sown in its own field. From the north to the south, its people are one. May they remain immune from that virus of war with which European chancelleries are so busily infecting the world.'

BRITISH UNEMPLOYMENT

British papers are just now discussing the report of the Labor Party executive and the parliamentary committee of the Trade Union Congress upon unemployment. The committee demands the opening of trade with Russia and Central Europe, and that the minimum of workmen's relief be at least two pounds a week for a family, or 25 shillings for a single person. The

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government must end its 'military adventures' in the East, and its 'military oppression and lawless reprisals' in Ireland. The report also advocates extensive relief work, such as the building of schoolhouses, repairing of canals and railways, afforestation, and the construction of electric power stations.

Naturally, these proposals are being vigorously attacked by employing interests, with abundant citations of the evil effects of the early poor laws, which, it is alleged, worked out much as would the unemployment relief now suggested, lowering wages and pauperizing the masses.

According to the London *Economist*, the percentage of trade union unemployment in Great Britain at the close of the year 1920 was 6.1. This percentage is not large compared with some previous years, but it is more noticeable by reason of the contrast with the recent boom. At the end of 1903, 6.3 per cent of organized workers were idle; in 1908 the proportion was 9.1, and in 1909 it was 6.6. Probably more workers are now upon short time, however, than in the earlier years mentioned.

THE ITALIAN LABOR BILL

THE Italian Cabinet has brought in a bill giving the workmen a share in the control of industry. It is not exactly along the lines advocated by either employers or employees as a result of the settlement which concluded the metallurgical workers' dispute last year, but follows a middle course between their respective recommendations. In each of the ten main industries, one of which is agriculture, the workmen are to elect a committee of nine members, consisting of six workers and three experts, and the employers are to elect a similar committee. The workers' committee is empowered to obtain full information as to the cost of production, the methods of management, the wages paid, and the capital invested. It is authorized to supervise the enforcement of labor laws, and to suggest improvements in production. Workers are guaranteed against dismissal on account of their political opinions. On the other hand, employers shall have the right to send two members to all meetings of the workingmen's committee.

There are, of course, many other details. Factories employing less than sixty workers do not come under the provisions of the acts. Neither do new undertakings, during the first four years they are in operation. Naturally, the bill is being attacked from both sides, as would be the case of any compromise measure.

BELGIUM'S NATIONALITY QUESTION

RACIAL rivalries in Belgium are always likely to become more acute in times of political crises. During the recent unsettled status of the ministry, the Walloon Standing Committee in Parliament petitioned the king for proportional racial representation in the new cabinet. It claimed for the people whom it represents at least four or five of the portfolios, and in particular, the ministry of railways, of public works, and of agriculture, which had been in Flemish hands almost continuously for more than thirty years. The same committee has also protested against the selection of two residents of Brussels, enthusiastic partisans of the Flemings, as delegates to the League of Nations meeting at Geneva.

COMMUNISM AND CORRUPTION

IN a recent speech before the Moscow District Congress of the Communist Party, Rykoff, president of the Supreme Economic Council, discussed the open break between the upper and

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the lower ranks of the Communist Party. He said: 'The masses are dissatisfied with the Communists for this reason; no Communist will ever succeed in convincing the workingmen that it is necessary for them to go hungry, to give up their clothing for the soldiers at the front, and to work barefooted at the very mouth of a blast furnace. This explains why the masses are deserting us. We have sent too many Communists to the fighting front, and there are great factories where there is not a single member of our party. We shall have to start at the very beginning in such places. We have strengthened our strategic position but have become weaker politically. We have neglected to put into effect the measures for economic reconstruction adopted by the Ninth Congress of the Communist Party — not from lack of time, but because of certain abuses, first among which is corruption. There is theft by factory managers and theft by shop committees, and the representatives of the workers and peasants levy a six per cent tax upon the men below them, live on the proceeds, and sign forged quittances to cover up their tracks.' Speaking of the inefficiency in government offices, which he attributed to under-feeding, Rykoff added:

> In my own office, I have personally seen three of my employees faint from weakness due to lack of food. We cannot combat bureaucratic inefficiency and crime among our own members unless we make it possible for our people to exist. How can a man live on 3000 rubles without stealing? If we are to succeed in our reforms, it will not be by imprisoning such offenders, but by bettering their physical condition.

A report by Zinovieff, who of late has rather taken Radek's place as promoter of Bolshevist propaganda outside of Russia, on the condition of the Communist Party, printed in the Petrograd *Pravda* of October 5, says that a considerable majority of those who remain in the party are 'persons physically weak,' that is, men over forty-five or fifty years of age, and women. . . . 'Furthermore, a certain spiritual weakness was revealed, namely, the comparatively small number of members sufficiently intelligent regarding Communist theories and the class struggle to be used as leaders or even as public workers.' An allusion in the article suggests that the abler and more vigorous members of the party have been drawn off to military service.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

A REPORT on the economic and financial situation in Czecho-Slovakia has just been issued by the Prague foreign office, in which it is pointed out that the Czech states supplied 90 per cent of the sugar produced in the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy, 80 per cent of the coal, and 80 per cent of the textiles, although they contained less than 36 per cent of the Empire's population. The same territories also raised 45 per cent of the wheat, or more than enough for their local needs. The harvest, now, is less than half what it was before the war, on account of lack of fertilizers and shortage of labor. In spite of this, Czecho-Slovakia raises more than twice the quantity of sugar required for domestic consumption, and its exports of this single product will go far toward paying for the provisions which it must purchase abroad. The country also is in a position to export large quantities of timber, and anticipates a surplus of coal in the near future.

Business conditions are beginning to improve, and by another year, will in many respects be nearly normal. Public revenues are increasing relatively faster than public expenditures, although the declining purchasing power of the crown has made it necessary to

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double the budget. Czecho-Slovakia is the only Central European state which has not issued paper money to cover its expenditures. In fact, it has withdrawn nearly 2,000,000,000 crowns of bank notes from circulation by a forced loan.

EDUCATING RUSSIAN WAR PRISONERS

Among the happier reports from the prison and internment camps of Europe, is news of the educational work conducted by a group of patriotic Russian exiles among their fellow countrymen. Several hundred thousand Russian war prisoners and Russian troops belonging to detachments fighting on various allied fronts, who have been marooned outside their native land ever since the Bolshevist revolution, have received the elements of an education. The soldiers and prisoners in France and its colonies, Belgium, Italy, Macedonia, and Egypt, who were mostly illiterate, have been taught to read and write, have read many of the Russian classics, and have completed elementary courses in various practical branches of instruction. This work began later in Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, where it has so far extended to 40 camps containing 100,000 prisoners. There are still 300,000 prisoners who have not yet been reached. The teaching has been done by volunteers in the camps; the limited means of the promoters of the movement permitting them merely to supply the simplest school materials, to organize the work, and to give the teachers moral encouragement. Commenting upon the labors of these teachers, one of the men interested in the movement says: 'Though underfed, poorly clothed, poorly lodged, and often ill, they have worked untiringly in the midst of every privation and the inevitable discouragements of camp conditions. We have assisted them with text books and such school materials as we could provide. But the labor, the truly heavy, tedious labor, has been performed by these modest heroes in the camps themselves.'

This work has been supported entirely by private generosity, no official funds being available for this purpose.

FOREIGNERS IN FRANCE

Some agitation has started in France against the settlement of strangers in that country. José Germain, writing in *Matin* says, that these foreigners receive bread tickets at the same reduced prices as French subjects, 'which gives the French the privilege and honor of paying for these parasites.' They get the benefit of party rates on the railways, and French taxpayers have to make up the railway deficit. There is a growing sentiment in favor of requiring foreigners who intend to reside for an extended period in France to take out licenses, and of limiting the number of such residents to a certain maximum; 'based on the services rendered by their native countries to our own country, and the trade balance between their own countries and France.' In the opinion of this writer, foreigners intending to sojourn in France should be required further to deposit a prescribed sum in French bonds with the government, to be returned to them when they leave the country.

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[*Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Francophile Liberal Daily), *January 20*]

CHINA, EUROPE, AND THE DEVIL

BY KU HUNG MING

[The author is known in Europe through two books which he published in Germany some years ago. The following is an extract from a third volume, just published in the same country under the title, *Vox Clamantis*. It is an interesting expression of the way Western thought and institutions, as interpreted by their result,—the World War,—impress a cultivated and critical thinker of the East.]

CONFUCIUS says: Is it not one of the joys of life to learn and continuously to put in practice what we have learned? Is it not one of the joys of life to have intelligent friends come from a distance and seek us out on account of our learning and wisdom? Is it not the sign of a noble soul, however, to be content although men do not recognize our wisdom and attainments?

Confucius is here speaking from the experience of true culture, and points out what spirit and character and attitude of mind a man must have if he is truly cultivated. Such a man must be filled with disinterested love for the subject of his studies, and the test of this is spontaneous and unaffected joy in study for its own sake.

The educated men of former days, in spite of the deficiencies in their knowledge, possessed a certain refinement of taste which made them dislike numerous company — large gatherings with tea, and cakes, and refreshments, assembled in great apartments. It is not related that any of the great sages of former times delivered lectures in crowded public halls, to applauding auditors, who waved flags in their honor. Cultured men of the old school found their pleasure in intercourse with a few companions of similar intellectual tastes and attainments, a few chosen and carefully selected friends, who came from a distance and sought them out for their wisdom and learning. The students of former days honored Confucius by studying his writings and by trying to understand him and to live in accordance with his doctrines, not by founding Confucian Societies and shouting 'Long live Confucius'! For these students of ancient date, Confucianism was a religion; but it was a religion like that of the English gentleman, who replied to the question of a lady inquiring his belief, that it was the belief 'of all sensible men.' When the lady persisted in asking further what that might be, he replied that sensible men never told.

Indeed, a great change has taken place in the manners of our educated classes in China since the introduction of the 'new culture.' Confucius says elsewhere in *Li Chi*: 'I have heard that it is good taste to come and learn; but I have never heard that it is good taste to go and teach.' The student of ancient days really wished to learn. It was his sole thought to perfect and mature his knowledge and culture. But the scholar of the new age wants to teach. His great idea is to deliver himself of a message, to preach, to spread the new culture which he has discovered, to inculcate his 'system,' his 'faith,

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his philosophy, psychology, or religion. When scholars of the old school talked of education, they employed the words *hsiao wen*, which mean study and investigation. But scholars of the new school use a different word for education; *chiao yu*, which means to teach and educate. The Ministry of Education in Peking, for example, is now called *Chiao-yu Pu*, which means teaching and education office, instead of *Hsiao Pu*, the office of learning.

Perhaps you will inquire what difference a word makes. Well, the distinction is this. The scholar of olden times studied in order to acquire wisdom and to live up to the ideal which he had set before himself. He studied until the late hours of the night, by the light of his dim cruse, in order to learn from the good and the wise of past ages and to penetrate their wisdom. In this way he acquired true knowledge — to quote Wordsworth, 'regarding God, nature, and the life of men.'

But the student of the new culture, instead of feeling that he must burn the midnight oil in the company of the good and wise of former days, is encouraged and exhorted to storm the platforms of the halls of the Confucian Society, in the glare of electric lights, and to instruct the members how to perfect themselves in the Confucian doctrine; or else to seek out the still more brilliantly illuminated assembly rooms of the Y. M. C. A. and deliver lectures showing how everyone may attain that unexampled perfection in all the social virtues which the speaker himself possesses. Henry Norman, in his book entitled, *New Japan*, has a chapter headed, 'A Nation at School.' I fear that new China can hardly be called a nation at school. It is a nation which is organizing schools and erecting costly school houses — where every one is building a school for someone else, but never for himself.

An English poet, referring to certain preachers of his time, implored the bishops of the Church of England: 'Oh you miter crowned heads, defend the church! Do not lay your indifferent hands on heads which cannot teach and will not learn.' Now, fortunately or unfortunately, it is not necessary in the China of the present age for a man who wishes to become a preacher of religion, reform, or republicanism, to be first consecrated to that task by having a bishop in a miter lay hands upon his head. As a consequence, the prophets of religion, reform, and republicanism have become a crowd of very uneven quality, some good, some very good, some bad, some very bad, but mostly indifferent; like the baskets of fruit which you buy from peddlers on the streets of Peking. The chances are ten to one, or perhaps one hundred to one, that without the good bishop in his miter to exercise oversight and guidance, people with no qualifications except powerful lungs and thick skins will have the best chance of being heard. Just now, the Chinese are particularly helpless in respect to the strong-lunged and thick-skinned preachers of religion, reform, and republicanism — those things which constitute the new culture; because, so far as I am able to discover, the poor Chinese, up to the present, have not the slightest idea in the world what these new ideas and projects mean. There is something in the Bible about the blind leading the blind. Mencius says in his forceful way: 'There was a time when good men, who bore the light in their bosom, brought that light to the people; now, however, men who carry darkness in their bosom bring their delusions and idle chatter to the people, pretending these are the true light.'

Foreigners who are true friends of China and the Chinese, and who are sincerely interested in the education of

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the nation, ought to bear in mind that the spirit, the character, the attitude of mind begotten in the scholar or the student is far more important than the facts he learns, however practical and valuable the latter may be. The saying of Confucius with which I introduced this article describes the true spirit of a scholar, of a gentleman scholar. And that spirit may be briefly characterized as follows: first, he must have undivided and unselfish love for the subject he is studying and find true joy in it; second, he must take pleasure only in the company of men who are his intellectual kin, and not in great societies gathered together to drink tea and eat cakes and other refreshments in a great lecture hall; third, he should not be cast down and complain if people do not recognize his wisdom and do not seek his counsels. Strangers who are true friends of China and the Chinese, if they conduct themselves in the spirit Confucius describes, and if they are asked to assist in educating the Chinese, will be able to find proper men for this mission: men inspired with the true spirit of a cultivated gentleman. For what China needs in this new era, is not so much a new system of education, a new constitution, a new style of hat or shoes, as a new spirit — the true spirit of a gentleman. For, as the old proverb says: 'The spirit is what gives life.'

. . . . . .

Confucius says: 'There was Emperor Shun. He was what we may perhaps call a great mind. Shun had a natural thirst for knowledge and he enjoyed testing the truth of even commonplaces. He regarded evil merely as something negative, and he recognized as good only what was positive. Taking these two extremes, negative and positive, he tried to follow a constant course midway between them in his judgments, in his acts, and in his intercourse with his people. This was the characteristic trait of Shun's great mind.

What Confucius says here of Emperor Shun of old China, may be said to-day of the two greatest minds of modern Europe: Shakespeare and Goethe. Shakespeare's greatness is revealed in the fact that nowhere, in anything he ever wrote, is there an utterly evil character. Seen through the medium of Shakespeare's mind, a monster of wickedness such as popular fancy made of King Richard, the Humpback, was not a spiteful and malicious creature making devilish faces at the world; he was not an utterly evil man to be despised; but on the contrary, he was a valiant, heroic soul driven by its powerful, undisciplined, revengeful passions to horrible deeds of cruelty and finally to a tragic end.

In the same way that Shakespeare's mind conceives a human monster of iniquity as merely a man with powerful and undisciplined passions, so the great mind of Goethe conceived the Devil himself, not as a monster of fire and brimstone, not even as an evil spirit, but merely as the spirit of denial, the spirit that constantly contradicts — in essence only an incompletely, imperfectly developed nature. Goethe says in another place: 'What we name evil in human nature is merely faulty or incomplete development, a deformity, a deficiency or excess of some moral quality, not positive evil in the abstract.'

Emerson says similarly: 'We judge a man's wisdom by the greatness of his hope.' If that is true, the presence of what we call pessimism in individuals or in nations is a sure symptom of disease, of a defect or distortion of the mind. I come now to the point I want to emphasize. The universal prevalence of pessimism in the common

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thought and literature of Europe today, is the natural product of the modern system of education — of education for all, encouraged and supported by the government, of an education which attaches more value to quantity than to quality, which seeks to create a mass of men of average education instead of fewer men of really complete education and culture. In brief, the inevitable outcome of a system of education which attaches more value to quantity than to quality is incomplete half-education, and the result of half-education is an imperfectly developed nature. Now, if it is true, as Goethe says, that the Devil, the embodiment of the spirit which creates all evil in this world, is merely an incompletely developed nature, it follows inevitably that the average effect of the modern system of half-education in contemporary Europe is to beget in all, the qualities of the Evil One himself. The characteristic features of the Devil as we learn from Milton, are, in their active manifestation: arrogance, unmeasured ambition, jealous self-seeking, rebelliousness, disobedience, contempt for moral law, irreverence; and all these qualities are characteristic of the average result produced by the modern system of half-education upon men endowed by nature with strong and powerful characters. The characteristic features of the devil nature, in their passive manifestation, are commonness, lack of sensibility, absence of benevolence, envy, spite; and an ill opinion of men, human nature, motives, and things in general. All these qualities, we find, characterize the average effect of the modern system of half-education upon men temperamentally weak and inefficient.

If, now, we consider the fact that the welfare of mankind and the fate of civilization to-day are in the hands of men who embody these devil qualities; that they are governed by the baneful products of the modern system of half-education, the characteristic effects of which are so strongly marked in the so-called educated and ruling classes of contemporary Europe and America — if we consider this matter profoundly, we shall not be surprised that the world's affairs are in their present chaos, that the final fruit of civilization proves to be scientific massacre *preached to mankind as 'a war to save civilization'!* The moral of all this is that the true cause of our anarchy, of the bankruptcy of our moral and social order, which has produced the frightful chaos in which the world finds itself today, when followed to its root, is the waywardness, demoralization, and ruin of the mind; and this waywardness, demoralization, and ruin of the mind are the product of the modern false, state supported, system of education, or rather half-education, which attaches more value to the quantity than to the quality of culture. Consequently, if true moral social order and peace are ever again to rule in this world, the present modern false system of education supported by the state must be reformed from the bottom, and the first step on the road to such a reform must be to reduce the quantity of nominally educated men, but to improve the quality of really educated men — and to do this, instead of squandering our money building academies and universities to teach, as Emerson says, fools and people unfitted for the pursuits of higher culture, let us use this money to encourage and support fewer people really qualified to profit by a higher education and to enable them to perfect and round out their culture — in other words, let us adopt the system of public education which the China had in the old days, and the Japan had in the Tokugawa régime, which aimed to educate and produce gen-

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men. Goethe had in mind the frightful consequences of multiplying beyond measure the number of half-educated men, when he inclined in his latter days to the belief that Martin Luther was responsible for setting back the civilization of Europe by two hundred years, because when he translated the Bible into the German tongue, he opened the way for dispensing with Latin among the truly educated gentlemen of Europe, and rendered easier the education of the multitude which cannot profit by culture; thereby enabling the latter to take a part in the direction of the world's affairs which they were not competent to assume — with the consequences which we see to-day.

[*Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American Daily), *January 9*]

A JAPANESE SOLDIER'S DIARY

BY TAMIKI HOSODA

[Tamiki Hosoda won literary fame in his country first by his graphic descriptions of the barrack-room life of Japanese soldiers, based on his experience while serving in a cavalry regiment. The following translation, from the New Year *Taiyo* (Sun), affords a glimpse into the mind of the Japanese soldier on service; and is published as an extract from a diary recording a true incident.]

An order had arrived to evacuate Peschanka, where we had been staying for about six months, and to withdraw to the town of B——. The joy of the soldiers was indescribable. During roll-call, they all shouted with delight. Russian residents came to see us off with the presents of salt herring roe.

When we left the town forever and started our forced march, we did not know why we must hurry, but a feeling that an enemy was at our heels disturbed every soldier's mind. I was serving as orderly to an infantry Colonel, with two privates under me. When we were in barracks at home, we used to look upon the officers of other regiments as persons with whom we had no connection and to assume an indifferent attitude toward them. But here, we regarded them as the superiors in whose hands our life and death reposed.

A battalion of infantry, a company of cavalry, and a section of artillery formed our column. Our commander, mounted on a chestnut horse, took the rear of the detachment, followed by his orderly on foot. We mounted orderlies rode on either side of the commander. Gazing at his profile, with its high cheek bones and sharp nose, I noticed that he was much thinner than when we first arrived in Siberia. He may deserve the fourth order of the Golden Kite, I thought. Just as I was making this observation to myself, some one cried that a plane was in sight. Everybody looked up. An airplane was flying above the spruce trees, which seemed like mere shrubs on the distant horizon. Our commander fixed his glass on it. No one supposed that it was the enemy's, but none the less we were uneasy. To our great relief, we at last distinguished a red mark on the wings. The distant drone became distinct and the plane hovered over our heads. If a bomb were to be dropped, or to fall by accident! . . . We gazed at the plane with mingled perturbation and pleasure; for it drew near above us. Just then the flying officer gave a shout and dropped a green tube with a red and white ribbon. The tube contained a note cautioning us to be on our guard at R——; for soldiers belonging to another detachment, which evacuated U—— yesterday, had had an 'incident' there. 'At any cost we must keep on,' remarked our commander with the sharp nose. We continued our march, the advance guard being reinforced and a reconnoitering party sent ahead.

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We had been on the move for three days when we arrived at a long, wooden bridge at the entrance of R ——. Already the yellow evening of Siberia was beginning to enfold us with its sombre orange twilight. Only half a year ago we had crossed the frozen surface of the river without difficulty; now, its black bed was bare and almost dry. The former bridge, destroyed by the enemy, had fallen into the river, and the sound of the shallow water dashing against it was faintly audible.

An adjutant, guarded by cavalry, was dispatched to the mayor, to inform him that we intended to pass through; and that any opposition would cost the lives and property of the residents.

The yellow evening of Siberia spread over the sloping town. Faint blue smoke curled from numberless square chimneys. I stood by the commander waiting for orders, while other soldiers rubbed the legs of the horses with straw. The river forked at the entrance of the town, and on the left bank black and white cows were seen in a pasture. There was a cemetery and a small church surrounded by white birches on the opposite bank of the river, and another red-roofed church stood in the middle of the town. I knew that the commander did not intend to reduce the place to ashes, in spite of his severe message to the mayor; but when I thought of the unrest and agitation which our warning might cause the people, I could not help a melancholy feeling. The golden roof of the church glittering in the sunset reminded me of Peschanka which we evacuated. Every evening, when the trumpet sounded through the barracks announcing the end of the grooming hour, the silvery melody of its bell used to vibrate through the silence.

I remembered a cold Sunday morning in Peschanka, when a boy in a fashionable gray overcoat and a beautiful green *shaika* (hat), leading by the hand a little girl about eight years old with a pretty pair of red *basmeik* (boots), came to the gate of the barracks.

'I will take your photo, soldiers from Japan,' he said with a smile.

We accepted the offer, and after a few days the boy brought us the photographs. He told us that he was a son of a judge of the town and invited us to come and see his parents. Afterwards the boy came often to the barracks, and at last I called on his father with a comrade who knew some Russian.

The father was a melancholy gentleman with a bushy moustache; but he greeted us cordially. The mother was especially kind to us. She gave us a dinner in a warm room and boiled the tea in a samovar for us. But apparently they were poor. A shy daughter about seventeen was always working at a sewing machine with her mother, who explained to us that she were obliged to do so to make ends meet.

The father observed: 'Life in Siberia is not so bad for those who know how to take its hardships. But most of the Russian officials could not endure the latter, and after their three years service they would return home, giving Siberia an ill name. I don't think it is a bad place for me. I was young when we came here from Moscow. I was tempted by the high salary. But at present, when Russia is in such an agitated state, we must bear poverty. I dare not go back to Russia. I am content to stay here so long as we can find means to sustain us.'

I regretted my ignorance of Russian, for we had to speak in poor English. Before our departure I sent my dagger, which I carried with me, to the family as a memento. We had talked of *harakiri* one evening when we gathered before the stove.

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'I have nothing to give you in return.' So saying the mother handed me a plain wooden case of cigarettes. When we marched away, they stood in the street to wave us good-bye.

'Good-bye, Mr. Kato,' the judge and his wife bowed to us with a smile, speaking in English.

'*Peroschai, kavaleristsu*,' shouted the young lad, Mischa, taking off his green hat, approaching my horse, and offering me his hand to shake. Turning back, I saluted repeatedly. I saw the mother wiping her eyes with a white handkerchief.

The lonely figure of the judge, like some exiled prisoner, the lively countenance of little Mischa, the silent, pretty daughter Lisa — all these impressions did not leave my mind for a long time. The memory of Lisa's apron bending over the sewing machine added to the sorrow of departure, though I never spoke with her, and do not know why.

The high roof of the church at R—— reminded me of the family of the judge; and also of an honest old Tartar who used to come to our barracks with rye packed on horseback. He had a yellow turban and wore a leather belt. He was always singing a song which we could not understand. He would carry the rye from the back of the horses to the barracks, which ought to have been done by us. I thought that there lived in the town of R—— many a kind family like that of Peschanka, and many honest and good-natured workmen; and so could not but heave a deep sigh at the cruel order of the commander, to reduce it to ashes if any opposition should be made to the passage of our troops.

Dusk was closing in when the adjutant came back, followed by a priest in black robes and a representative of the town, who was a schoolmaster. They said that they had been preparing supplies for the Japanese troops. Our soldiers grumbled at missing the chance to carry out their cruel project. When the night came, men in short *jiraits* (blouses), bringing *tereiga* laden with hay and straw, came to our camp, which was pitched on the bank of the river. Little boys and poor women came to see the Japanese troops, just as if it were a festival evening. Some soldiers murmured that there was no need of sleeping out in the fields, as the residents showed so much good will. I lay myself down on hay in a tent, listening for a time to the sound of the spurs and boots of the soldiers on sentry duty, and then slept soundly until the morning bugle called us.

That day I met with a misfortune which I cannot forget, and which cost the life of a young soldier.

At four o'clock I got up at bugle call, and after eating my biscuits, went to the wooden bridge where the horses were tethered. I sent back my two soldiers, saying, 'You two attend the roll-call; I will go to the commander to report that all is ready.'

I fastened my horse to a willow tree on the bank, and reported at the tent of the commander. I ought first to attend roll-call; but as I was on duty as chief of orderlies, the sergeant of my company would not reprimand me for the omission. Since our arrival in Siberia formal discipline has not been so strict as in the barracks at home, and the soldiers have become more or less careless in such matters. I was no exception.

The commander came out with a cigarette in his mouth.

'Three orderlies belonging to the cavalry company are ready to march,' I reported formally, standing at attention. The commissariat carts could already be heard, rolling over the bridge far down the river. It was still dark.

'All right, thank you. You will have

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under your orders extra orderlies from the artillery, as we are to pass through a dangerous district,' he replied familiarly, as if he were a civilian.

I returned to the willow tree to bring my horse, which was hanging his head in the darkness. To my surprise, I found his bridle had been stolen. I searched in vain, groping in the long grass with my boots. My first thought was that some bargeman, or some resident of the town who harbored hostile feelings toward us, had stolen my bridle. I did not know what to do, and said to my horse:

'Tell me, good beast, who stole your bridle?'

Just then soldiers of the other regiment passed over the bridge, which had been temporarily repaired by the townspeople. There was not a moment to be lost. Should I ride the horse without a bridle? . . . That would be both undignified and dangerous — through a perilous section, especially as chief of orderlies to the commander. If there had been time, I could have got another bridle from the heavy baggage of the company; but the commissariat had already started. I looked around for one to steal from some other soldier.

My men called to me: 'First Private Kato, our commander is going.' They had been waiting for me on the wooden bridge.

'Well, go ahead, I will catch up with you,' I replied. I re-doubled my search for a bridle, when I found several saddles set on a dry log of the bridge. 'That's it,' I cried involuntarily. I took a bridle at random from under the saddles and hastily put it on my horse.

'First Private just arrived, your honor,' I saluted formally from behind.

'Why are you so late?' asked our commander without turning back.

'I was repairing my harness.'

'All right.'

But when the horse slackened its pace, I felt a sudden sinking of my heart, remembering the loss of my bridle. My irritation and perplexity at the discovery of the theft gave place to repentance for my crime. It is an incurable habit of soldiers in barracks, to steal from their comrades when they lose any article supplied by the government. We call it in barracks' slang, 'managing.' Things lost by the soldiers will be supplied again after due formalities, but the privates do not like to make troublesome explanations, and 'manage' to make up the loss by stealing. And now I had been guilty of that disgraceful practice.

It was a fine day, but the soldiers on foot were exhausted by the forced march. We had to reach B —— by seven in the evening at latest. Most of the men swung along with spirit; but some began to drop out of the ranks from exhaustion. Tottering privates, gasping, followed in the rear, urged on by non-commissioned officers.

Thus we passed through the R —— neighborhood without meeting any opposition.

'Pooh! Not a shadow of a Bolshevik! We must carry back these accursed shells to Japan,' murmured some soldiers.

They began to sing barrack songs. All the soldiers were happy that we had passed safely the danger point. But as for me, the theft of the bridle weighed on my mind.

When we reached the summit of the mountains behind the city of B —— all the soldiers yelled 'Banzai.' The commander ordered a halt for thirty minutes. We orderlies dismounted and wiped the sweat from our horses with straw.

Just at that moment my eyes rested on the horse of one of the orderlies from the artillery regiment, who was of

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the same rank as I was. And I looked at the bridle on his horse to find out that it was mine. I felt my heart stop beating. It was unmistakably mine, with my initials cut on the strap.

'You have stolen my bridle,' I was going to say, and would have struck him on the spot. But I refrained, for I could not blame him, as I had also in my turn stolen another's. I stared in his face with indignation, but I could not speak a word. I, too, would be compromised by the disclosure of his crime, and I feared even to look at the bridle which had belonged to me.

When we reached B——, we were greeted with the shouts of 'Hurrah' by ladies with Japanese flags or red handkerchiefs.

After supper, I called on our commander at his lodging in the busiest quarter of the city, where I met the commander of the company to which I belonged. He was talking with the commander of the expedition about a soldier who was shot during the march.

'Just as we were leaving R——, a few shots were heard behind us,' said he. 'A first year private said to another that he was shot. They galloped for about three versts, and there the young soldier suddenly fell from his horse. His comrade tied him to the horse and they hurried after the rear guard. The poor soldier had got a bridle from a kind peasant, but it was so damaged he could not manage his horse well.'

I could guess everything. It was one of the privates of my own company from whom I had stolen the bridle. He remained at R—— as one of the rear guard after we started in the early morning. And when he discovered the loss of his bridle, he had to stay behind with one of his comrades to search for it. The other soldiers had already left, and there were no Japanese except those two soldiers, when some one out of pity gave him a poor bridle of the kind used by the Russian peasants. He was shot in the side and was dying in the Japanese hospital in B——, though the presence of mind of his comrade had saved him from capture by the disaffected Russians.

The next evening at the billet, the orderly from the artillery regiment said,

'I say, First Private Kato, some one "managed" my bridle yesterday morning and I managed another's. But I am afraid that it was the one belonging to that first year private who was shot. This is a secret. But I am so sorry for him. Ha, ha, ha.' . . .

I was about to say, 'You did not take his, but mine. The one which I stole is his. It is I who shall have killed him if he dies of his wound.'

Instead of that, however, I reproved him:

'Then it may have been his. You have done wrong. You may have killed him, one of the young soldiers of my company.'

I felt hot tears in my eyes before I finished my words.

When I arrived at our barracks in Japan, the body of the dead soldier was just being sent home from the hospital in B——. His name was Shininchi Uyemoto, a conscript from Okayama prefecture.

[*Le Figaro* (Paris Liberal Daily), *January 21*]

VILLAGE AGITATORS

BY MAURICE TALMEYR

Ah, that pretty village inn, white and coquettish, its brown shutters just revarnished, its snowy embroidered curtains, its shade tree extending a hospitable branch across the way, and its naïve, freshly painted sign-

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board adorned with a picture of a little tree looking as if its foliage had just been dressed by a barber, and bearing the words, *Hotel du Chêne Vert!* It is not a large establishment: two windows on the street, a single story, and above in the attic a large store room. The courtyard is equally diminutive — ten paces long and six paces wide. On one side, stands a tiny structure looking like a shop, in the window of which are exhibited a pair of shoes, two or three articles of haberdashery, and as many picture postal cards. That is all, but it is simple, honest, wholesome, cheerful. I remember the story of Socrates' home, where there was nothing but true friends. Thus I regarded this little inn, where only good, honest guests could properly put up.

'So,' said my friend, the notary, to whom I expressed these sentiments at luncheon while he listened with a peculiar smile, 'you admire our famous *Hotel du Chêne Vert?* So? Is it charming?'

'It is a dream!'

'That is true. It is superb! It's been completely made over. They've even re-built the walls. They must have spent some money. It took something to do it.'

The memory of the old *Hotel du Chêne Vert*, dirty, gloomy, dilapidated, miserable, which formerly represented so unworthily this pretty village, had escaped me for the moment. It suddenly came back vividly, while the notary continued smiling: 'Ah, yes! It must have taken some money, with wages what they are — and timber and wood and lime and everything. But the proprietors are our *nouveaux riches*. The most singular thing is that they are also our Bolsheviki!'

'Your Bolsheviki?'

'Our Bolsheviki — precisely that! And not Bolsheviki to laugh at, but the real thing—Lenin, Trotzky, Frossard — the Third International!'

'The Third International here?'

'The Third International here, as big as life!'

He amused himself telling me the story—half serious, half shrugging his shoulders.

'The landlord has just come back from Tours. He returned infatuated with Clara Zetkin and talks of nothing else to his comrades. So far as looks go, she is a scare crow. She sniffs at you scornfully when she passes you on the street, as if to say she will soon make you acquainted with Chinese tortures. Her husband was mobilized during the war and she boasts — but I think she's inventing it — that he killed every one of his officers. . . . Now, these people are holding revolutionary meetings in their new, remodeled hotel, which you see here. They've elected Captain Sadoul their honorary president. The poor peasants who attend, knowing nothing of this Captain Sadoul and supposing he's like any other captain, inquire when they come away from the meetings if he was born in this district. It's a funny situation! Put up any kind of a patriotic poster here and you can count on its disappearing before morning. Our good people who meet here at the *Hotel du Chêne Vert*, will have torn it down during the night! They will replace it with an incendiary poster pasted up in such a conspicuous place that you cannot very well tear it down without being seen, and where you can't avoid reading it. Yes, these are the people on top here in the village! And the anarchist newspapers they take! The bloodier, the more abominable and silly, the better they go! They distribute them—compel people to read them! And evenings! If you

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could only listen to them evenings! Some half dozen madmen get together inside there and empty bottle after bottle, drinking to the death of the land owners. And the noise! It's a real Bacchanal! You were just mentioning the home of Socrates. Ah, that was doubtless some place, the home of Socrates! But these people have got money! How? I do not know. No one knows. If anyone does know, he does n't tell; but they have it. They've got the wherewithal, that's sure!'

. . . . . .

The reader must not go away with the idea that this is fiction. It is no romance, but reality, that I myself have seen. Is it true, as they say, and as Paul Bourget has but recently asserted again, that Bolshevism can get no foothold in France on account of the extreme subdivision of the land and our great number of small proprietors? Yes, that is very true. In this matter as in most matters reason accords with facts, and facts justify this psychological prediction. But are we justified in concluding from this that private property will invariably and automatically spring to its own defense in France, merely because it is widely distributed, and the number of small proprietors is legion? We, who are intimate with what goes on in the villages, know better. We know how a little property is easily converted into an ambush, from which one party incessantly attacks the other; how it becomes a rallying point for all who dream of overthrowing the established order.

Never before has the world longed so ardently for law and order as at this very moment. Never before has it been so imperiously and impatiently conscious of that need. Never before has it faced a more disheartening trinity of enemies, than the German, the pro-German, and the Bolshevik. Never has Berlin been so bitterly cursed. On the other hand, public order and the state have never been more seriously threatened, more undermined, more treacherously and violently attacked by a combination of every evil influence, exasperated at the very fact of our apparent unshaken sanity and perhaps also by the glory we reap from our military victory. Never has revolutionary propaganda — quite logically — been concentrated to such an extent on the rural districts. We shall never know how methodical, how determined, how scientific, with what mysterious and base resources of persuasion, this agitation is being conducted. The disorders in Bas-Adour have been very properly denounced; but Bas-Adour is not the only centre of disturbance, and this movement is spreading and continues to spread through the other districts. To-day it is only a threat, but it is a threat of which we are too tolerant. We have dissolved the General Federation of Labor. Let us try to silence the agitators.

Our preachers of destruction are not fools or blunderers. They know perfectly well, because they know our village life, that they can never successfully preach anarchy there by the mouths of the poor and wretched. Small property, small land owners, sub-division of the land? They know all that. Their tactics are accommodated to that. They propose to destroy private property by ranging one small proprietor against the other. Preach Communism? That's all right for factories and large works. But they talk another language to the prudent and suspicious peasant, to the man who already has his little plot of ground or is on the eve of getting one.

You will discover in the tracts and the talks and the deceiving promises

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they make the country people — even when they are most violent — nothing but schemes to benefit the small land owners. They always talk of taking away the land of the large proprietors and subdividing it — first, however, they promise to build little, pretty cottages on each plot. Everyone is to have his share. Each share is to be small, but it is to belong to the owner. More than that, funds will be provided, so that every peasant can put a new roof on his cottage and revarnish his shutters.

How long are we going to sit passive under this kind of agitation among the peasants? The agitators cautiously refrain from preaching murder and pillage, even when they hold forth in little inns renovated and rebuilt at liberal cost, where the wine flows freely, and the proprietors 'have the wherewithal.'

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), *January 23*]

TOLSTOI AND GORKY

If the tales we hear are true, Socialist Russia has no poet's choir. Maxim Gorky is a corporal without recruits, whose only recourse is to discuss the great dead. His little book, *Memories of Tolstoi*, is one of the few real literary productions which have come out of soviet Russia. It gives us only hasty sketches — so to speak, snap shots — of Tolstoi; but each of these is a revelation of the man. Gorky remarks his hero's defects and greatness in the same breath. Commenting upon his hands, lined with thick, knotted veins but expressing creative power, he says: 'With hands like those, a man can do anything.' Tolstoi himself speaks in this book, true to character and worthily of himself. As a rule, he appears as the questioner, and often, as purposely evasive in his answers. But the dialogues are magnificent. Tolstoi and Gorky are sitting in the shadow of a cypress. A bird is singing in the thick foliage above them. 'What an angry little creature — nothing whatever but temper! What kind of a bird do you call that?' Gorky told him of the beech finches and their characteristic jealousy. Tolstoi observed: 'Their whole life a song, and yet a song of jealousy. Man has a thousand songs in his heart, yet is reproached with jealousy. Is that just?'

What did Tolstoi talk of most? God, the peasants, and woman. He discussed literature but little, but what he said was worth recording. For instance, Gorky's *A Night Asylum:*

'A person sees that you are always like a hen, jumping up on everything. More than that, all your hopping and fluttering is to display yourself. Remember what Anderson says: "The gilding will fall off and the pig skin remain;" and our peasants' proverb, "Everything is mortal but truth." Don't put on so much stucco. You'll be the worst sufferer from it. Then, your language is too artificial. You think out the way you say things. That never helps a writer. He should just write simply. Ordinary people speak simply, even disconnectedly — and that is good. A peasant does not ask: "Why is a third more than a fourth, when four are more than three?" the way a cultivated young lady asked me. Get away from trying to say fine things, I beg of you.'

He spoke in an irritated tone. It was clear that he did not like what I had read. After a few minutes' silence, he continued, fixing his gaze steadily upon me:

'I don't like your old man. I don't believe he is a good man. Your actor fills the part. He is good. Do you know *Fruits of Culture?* My cook is

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very much like your actor. Short tales are hardest to write.'

Gorky tries to show that Tolstoi was prevented from becoming the great saint, the 'bell resounding through the world,' which his admirers wished him to be. Tolstoi realized that. 'If I had to suffer for my opinions, they would have more influence.' And, indeed, Tolstoi never felt the weight of Siberian chains, such as the students exhibited at Dostoyevski's funeral. But is it fair to say that he did not suffer for his ideas? Was he really happy? Gorky says: 'No.' His words made a peculiar impression on me — 'I am happy; I am frightfully happy; I am too happy.' And then, immediately afterwards: 'To suffer.' To suffer — yes, that was part of his real existence. I have no doubt that he would have, in a sense, enjoyed — would have been really delighted — to be cast into prison or to be driven into exile — to receive the martyr's crown. Tolstoi said: 'Caliph Abduraman had fourteen happy days in his life; but I know for certain that I have not had so many.'

These sketches paint a convincing portrait of Tolstoi's court of admirers: 'It was odd to see Lev Nikolaevich among his followers. There stood a noble campanile whose chimes were ringing unweariedly for the ears of the whole world, while around its base tiny, timid little dogs were running, whining at the bells, and glancing mistrustfully at each other as though to say: "Who howls best?" I always felt as if these people infected the Tolstoi home with a spirit of hypocritical cowardice, of venal, self-seeking pettiness and servility. These Tolstoians had something in common with those monks who wander through the obscure corners of Russia, peddling dog bones as holy relics, and selling "Egyptian darkness" and the "tears of the dear Madonna." I recall one of these Tolstoi devotees, who refused to eat eggs at his house "in order not to wrong the hens"; but who greedily devoured a big order of meat in the railway restaurant at Tula a little later, observing: "The old boy exaggerates these things." '

Most of these people were fond of complaining and kissing each other. They all had characterless, moist hands and evasive eyes. But most of them had a sharp eye for the main chance when it came to getting worldy goods.

Lev Nikolaevich naturally saw through such followers. One of the latter was holding forth eloquently at Tolstoi's house, upon how happy he was and how his soul was filled with pure joy, since he had adopted Tolstoi's doctrines. 'Lev Nikolaevich bowed over and whispered in my ear: "He's lying — every word he says — the scoundrel; but he's doing it to please me!"' Gorky defines Tolstoi, in his character as a God seeker, as follows: 'He is a man who seeks God not for himself but for his fellow men, in order that God may permit him to go his way alone, and seek peace in the wilderness.'

One of the finest passages in the book is that in which Gorky describes the impression made upon him by Tolstoi's death. He recalled a day when he watched the lonely wanderer on the seashore: 'It was a day of alternating shade and sunshine, when the shadows of the clouds chased each other across the beach. One moment, the old man and the boulders about him would be bathed in light, the next moment wrapped in gloom. Great rocks lay upon the beach, split by huge fissures and draped with spicy seaweed. It was high tide. He, too, seemed to me

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an age-old boulder, which had come to life, but which knew and pondered the beginning and end of all things; perceiving when and how the cliffs, the seaweed, the waters of the ocean, the whole universe from a grain of sand to the sun itself, would eventually meet their doom. And the very sea seemed a part of his soul. It was as though all that surrounded him came from him and out of him. As the aged man stood there motionless, wrapped in thought, I was aware of something fateful, mysterious, something that pierced the gloom around him and swept like a searchlight the blue emptiness above — as though it were he, a bidding of his will, which drew the waves to his feet and drove them from him, which controlled the alternation of cloud and shadow, which woke the stones to life. In a moment of over-mastery fancy, it seemed to me quite possible that he might draw himself to his full height, stretch forth his hand, and the sea would become fixed as glass, the stones would move and speak, all nature about him would take on life, be gifted with a voice, and each in its own tongue converse with him or of him. I cannot express in words what I felt, rather than thought, at that moment. Fear and joy struggled in my heart and then fused in blissful recognition of the fact. "I am not fatherless upon the earth so long as this man treads its surface."'

[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly), *January 10*]

JAPAN AND THE FUTURE OF THE ORIENT. II

ANY impartial observer who has lived in Japan, and whose judgment is not influenced by his business interests, or by official favors which prevent his telling the truth, will admit that in a general way the Japanese dislike foreigners. That sentiment is easily explained. The Japanese are conscious of their own enterprise and energy, of possessing personal merits of a high kind; but they have been ridiculed and insulted and called 'bird brained monkeys' by the Whites. The Great Powers have forced them to sign commercial treaties at the cannon's mouth, when all they wished was to be left quietly to themselves. The Japanese have long memories.

In the spring of 1913, what is called the *hakabatsu* (White Peril) campaign began in Japan, under the leadership of Tokutomi. He is a highly educated, distinguished, aristocratic member of the Chamber of Peers and a former cabinet officer. He edits *Kokumin*, one of the best written and most influential dailies of Tokyo. He has maintained in a series of really remarkable articles that the White races have reduced the world to servitude under the pretext of converting it to Christianity. They have oppressed the colored races, not because the latter resisted them, but because they were not White. It is a duty of the Yellow races to lead the races of every color in a final struggle for the control of the world, in order that all races may be treated with justice. 'We, the colored nations, must unite and crush Albinocracy (White domination). We must pound it into the Whites that there are others as strong and able as themselves.'

Among the most distinguished leaders of this campaign are Count Okuma, and Dr. Nagai of Waseda University. Count Okuma is considered friendly to foreign nationalities. His real sentiments in this matter may be inferred from his speeches. Addressing the 'Waseda Brotherhood' on May 17, 1913, the former premier said: 'The White races look upon the earth as their property and upon all other races

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as their inferiors. They conceive the rôle of the White races to be to govern the world as they please. The Japanese nation has suffered from this policy, and very unjustly; for the Japanese are not inferior to the Whites, but easily their equals. The Whites have defied Fate, unhappily for themselves.' Count Okuma controls two press organs, *Hochi*, the most widely circulated daily in Japan, noted for its pan-Asian policy, and *Shin-Nihon*, a monthly review which has been the principal organ of the White haters. Addressing the Chamber of Commerce at Kobe, Count Okuma declared: 'Three hundred million natives in India are waiting for us to liberate them from British slavery.'

Some years before Japan's war with Russia, many newspapers and prominent Japanese were already loud in their denunciation of foreigners. Viscount Suyematsu conducted a violent campaign against the Christians, accusing the missionaries of corrupting Japanese character. Viscount Kaneko, a graduate of Harvard University, and a Privy Councilor who had occupied several cabinet offices, did not hesitate to assert: 'The Japanese who have been looked down upon by foreigners as inferiors will hereafter be feared by them.' Count Hirosawa, who was educated at Cambridge and is a director of large steel works in his country, now a branch of the Vickers Armstrong firm, said: 'The alliance between England and Japan is a sign of England's decadence, and the suggestion that Japanese soldiers may be required to defend India is a sign that her decadence is well under way.' Baron Takahashi, when Minister of Finance in 1913, said in a speech to the Osaka Chamber of Commerce: 'Get rid of the merchandise, the money, the merchants, and the ships of foreign countries.' To-day, the Japanese government is systematically discouraging importation and importing firms. It is a tendency we may regret, when Europe needs every encouragement to stimulate production and consequently the widest possible foreign markets; but it is a reasonable policy from the Japanese standpoint, and indeed the only logical one.

Lord Salisbury called the period preceding the first Anglo-Japanese alliance 'the scramble for concessions'; a Chinese writer has termed it 'the era of shameless pillage.' As an American paper has remarked, 'The only nation which has no concessions in China is the Chinese nation.'

A cabinet under Marquis Saionji succeeded the Katsura Cabinet, which had concluded the alliance with England and fought the war with Russia, very soon after the Peace Treaty was signed. Viscount Hayashi soon replaced Baron Kato as chief of Foreign Office in this ministry. His term marks the beginning of Japan's aggressive policy toward China. However, Hayashi, although a Japanese expansionist, was not an admirer of military methods, which he thought would encounter too much resistance. His idea was commercial and industrial expansion.

Japan has been very shrewd in selecting agents to foment trouble or to conduct propaganda in foreign countries. In this respect, it merely follows the example of Western governments and the United States. Documents published by the Russian government, disclosing the activities of Colonel Akashi, the Japanese Military Attaché at Stockholm, and his relations with Konni Ziliacus, the Finnish Revolutionist, prove that Japan subsidized the revolutionary agitation in Finnland after 1900. The same country encouraged and gave financial aid to revolution in Russia itself. An agreement was made between the Japanese government and certain Russian revolu-

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tionists at Geneva, by which the latter were supplied with forty-six million yen through a draft endorsed by Viscount Sone, Minister of Finance, and deposited at Hoare's bank in London, on March 22, 1915.

In spite of all their protests to the contrary, the Powers which desire 'to cut the melon' in China have no wish to see that country put its house in order. Now, Japan is determined that no one shall get ahead of it. Japanese intrigue in that country has beyond a shadow of doubt had Dr. Sun Yat Sen as its centre. He claims that it is his object to reform China by giving it a Republican government, but a reformer who allies himself with the enemies of his country to achieve his reforms dishonors himself. That is what has happened to Sun Yat Sen.

The Japanese government wished to weaken China, even by a revolution in the South, but it by no means sought to overthrow the Manchu Dynasty. If revolutionists should prove their ability to dethrone without ceremony rulers of 'divine origin' in China, that might suggest at some future date a similar possibility in Japan. We cannot describe in detail here the history of Japanese intrigue during the two Chinese revolutions. We merely note in passing the statement of General Ishimoto in the Diet, admitting that rifles to the value of three million yen had been shipped to the Chinese revolutionists from Osaka; the speech of Viscount Uchida on February 2, 1912, in reply to an interpellation as to whether 'the troubles in China do not afford an excellent opportunity to obtain concessions in that country'; and the memorandum submitted by Sir Claude MacDonald, at that time British Ambassador to Tokyo, upon this subject. This evidence supported by abundant other testimony proves that the Chinese revolution was organized in Japan by Chinese revolutionists with Japanese financial aid. When it became evident that the conspirators planned to establish a republican form of government over all China, the Japanese authorities at once tried to intervene in favor of the Manchu Dynasty, or to confine the republic to South China. In either case, Japan hoped to obtain political and commercial concessions of value as the price of its intervention. The British government, aroused by this, protested in Tokyo against such action, which it considered a violation of neutrality and particularly harmful to British interests. One of the results of this divergence of policy was to lessen decidedly the value of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the minds of the Japanese. Official papers and public men protested openly, 'The alliance is an obstacle to national expansion.'

We must pass over, for lack of space, the Six Power Loan and the understanding between Russia and Japan which resulted from it. It defined the spheres of influence of Russia in farther Mongolia and Northern Manchuria, and of Japan in Central Mongolia and Southern Manchuria, at the cost of China's sovereignty over those territories. Meantime, Prince Katsura, who was a great admirer of Germany and the Germans — there has always been a strong pro-German party in Japan, and Japanese military men never concealed their admiration for the German army — made a private trip to Europe, during which he availed himself of the opportunity to raise the question of an understanding with Germany. When his proposed visit was first announced, the Kaiser telegraphed to the German ambassador in Tokyo to assure the Prince that he would be cordially welcome. But the death of the Mikado suddenly called the latter back to Tokyo.

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The second Chinese revolution broke out in May 1913. Sun Yat Sen was one of the instigators of this uprising, although he had been appointed president of the Railway Council by Yuan Shih-kai. He had visited Japan in March 1913. In an interview at Kyoto on the ninth of that month, he said: 'I have come to Japan to thank that great nation for the aid it gave us in making the revolution in China a success.' The previous day Baron Makino, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in replying to an interpellation in the Diet, admitted that several Japanese had recently been captured by the Chinese authorities while introducing arms into Manchuria to be used by the rebels against the Chinese government. Sun Yat Sen probably did not have the official support of Japan in his new enterprise. That would have been too gross a violation of neutrality, certain to have unpleasant consequences. No doubt exists, however, but what he received underhand aid. The vice-president of the Chinese republic stated in an interview that 'Japan's principal object is to prevent China from becoming a strong country. It adopts various devices to prevent our development. One of its expedients is to promote political divisions among us.'

Japan's attitude during the war is an interesting subject of study. From its very outbreak and the siege of Tsingtao, a violent anti-English campaign started, which continued up to the armistice. It exhibited itself in every form of attack, in violent diatribes against the British army, in accusations that the English were incompetent, cowardly, and brutal. This campaign was at its height while Marquis Okuma was Premier and Baron Kato was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Thanks to the strict censorship imposed on the press of England, people there were utterly ignorant of these attacks. In a session of the Diet on December 12, 1914, one of the deputies, Ito Tomaya, made a sarcastic and insulting speech, insinuating the cowardice of the British troops employed at Tsingtao. The Minister of War did not reply to this outrageous interpellation with the vigor he should have shown; and the Japanese press in both Japan and China featured the incident to the utmost.

Shortly before the war, the Japanese press had been very lukewarm toward the alliance with England. During hostilities, the Osaka *Mainichi* continued to attack and insult Great Britain without a word of protest from the government. A single quotation from one of its articles is typical of the campaign conducted by this paper, as well as by *Jiji*, *Asahi*, *Kokumin*, *Nichi-Nichi*, and the other leading journals of Japan:

> We would like to have Lord Kitchener tell us when the war will really begin. On the Western front, French troops hold 543 miles, the Belgians 17 miles, and our Ally, Great Britain, only 31 miles, while Germany is holding the whole Western front, and in addition the tremendously extended battle line against Russia. Our brave Ally, England, holds less than twice the front held by little Belgium. We should like to know when the war will really begin.

By August 1914, Japan was firmly settled in Korea, Manchuria, Mongolia, and through its intrigues with Chinese revolutionists, it already exercised a powerful influence in the Yangtse valley. The conditions under which it entered the war have been sedulously concealed, with good reasons, by the British government. It carefully refrained from publishing in its White Book the notes and correspondence exchanged between itself and its Ally in 1914. Let us merely recall for the moment, that after the capture of Tsingtao, Count Okuma asserted that Japan's participation in the war thereupon ceased, and that henceforth his country would be 'semi-

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neutral'; and also that Baron Kato had asserted that no *casus belli* existed obligating Japan to take further hostile measures against Germany. It was a lucky thing for the Allies that Count Terauchi became Premier.

However, to go back a moment, on August 15, 1914, the Japanese government issued an ultimatum to Germany, demanding the surrender of Kiaochow, 'to be eventually restored to China.' A small British force had already been landed within the territories conceded to Germany. With quite justifiable suspicion, Yuan Shih-kai demanded that China should be allowed to share in the operations against Tsingtao. His demand was refused. The Japanese army disembarked in strictly Chinese territory, one hundred and fifty miles from Tsingtao, thus violating directly the territorial sovereignty of China, which was not to be allowed to liberate one of its own provinces. In an endeavor to protect its neutrality as much as possible, China proclaimed a war zone, as it had during the war between Russia and Japan. The Japanese army refused to recognize this zone, expelled the Chinese from points outside of it, and occupied the entire Shantung railway system. On November 7, Tsingtao capitulated. Early in January 1915, military operations having ceased, China requested the withdrawal of Japanese troops outside of Tsingtao proper, the discontinuance of the military control of railways and telegraphs, and the evacuation of Chinese territory beyond the original German concession. Japan refused 'to consider these requests under any circumstances.' On January 16, China renewed its demand. Two days later, Japan presented to President Yuan Shih-kai the famous Twenty-One Demands. Had the United States not intervened at this point, China would be to-day a Japanese possession.

When the Russian revolution broke out, Japan at once perceived what an opportunity it would have in Siberia if there were intervention. It volunteered to help Kolchak against the Bolsheviki, but for a certain price. Its terms were a practical monopoly of everything of value in Eastern Asia. President Wilson refused outright to consider allowing Japan to operate alone in Siberia, and the intervention became an Inter-Allied enterprise. Colonel John Ward, who was a witness of what occurred, has given us a vivid picture of the irritation of the Japanese. They seized every possible opportunity to humiliate English soldiers; ordinary Japanese privates would ask the British officers angrily: 'What they were doing there! Asia was for the Asiatics, and they better get out!'

Japan is waiting its hour in Siberia. Its statesmen, who are very intelligent and very well informed as to European affairs, were quick to see that the termination of the war would not lead to immediate peace, but merely plunge Europe into new difficulties. During the winter of 1918–1919, Japan made elaborate preparations, as if for a grand campaign. Those preparations were no secret to people who were well informed of Oriental affairs. Both official and unofficial reports constantly reached Europe and the United States, to the effect that Japan proposed to evacuate Siberia, that it did not desire intervention; but at the same time, heavy Japanese forces, estimated at one hundred and thirty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand men, were quietly landed in Siberia and established at various points there. Suddenly, last Spring, without previous notice, Japan delivered its blow and it was a strong one. It seized offhand the great port of Vladivostok, the better portion of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and a vast territory

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extending from Irkutsk to the Pacific, one of the richest sections of the world in minerals and one of the most fertile agricultural districts in Asia.

What do the Japanese propose to do in Siberia? They say they will get out some time. They said that repeatedly of Korea. When you discuss this with a Japanese statesman — as frankly as the author of this article has been able to do on account of his long relations with them — they merely look at you and cite to you without commentary what certain great European powers have done.

At the same time that they pursue this policy in Siberia, the Japanese have made new proposals to China for an offensive and defensive alliance. One great obstacle to their success is the brutality of their methods. Passionate admirers of Germany, they boast of being the Prussians of the Orient. They have adopted measures which have provoked a national boycott against them in China. Similar measures, rather than the mere fact of annexation in violation of treaty engagements, are the cause of the Korean insurrection. An eye witness of the principal events in Korea preceding the declaration of independence in March 1919, a former war correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, has enumerated at length Japan's tyrannical measures there, its wholesale arrests of political opponents and persons under suspicion, its inhuman treatment of thousands of prisoners who have not even been brought to trial, and the floggings and tortures inflicted upon men and women and children, upon young students and young girls, by the Japanese authorities.

Since these incidents, the imperial government, appreciating the damage they were doing Japan's reputation in the United States, Australia, Canada, and South Africa, where the Japanese are regarded with suspicion, has taken measures to prevent their recurrence and to conciliate the Koreans.

Many of the best informed observers in the Orient doubt the efficacy and sincerity of these reforms, and believe that the policy of annexation by force and unjust exploitation will continue, unless a liberal régime and a policy of peaceful expansion succeed the present military rulers and military programme.

It is a sad but indisputable fact that the great pacific movement for Korean independence, in the Spring of 1919, was a direct result of the principles proclaimed by President Wilson. His declaration of the right of small nations to govern themselves was a clarion call to Korea. The thirty-three Korean patriots who signed and issued a declaration of independence — and paid dearly for their courage — honestly believed that President Wilson's words sounded the knell of their vassalage. 'A new era,' they said, 'has dawned for us. The old world of force has disappeared, and a new world of justice and truth is born.' These naïve enthusiasts knew practically nothing of political history and political conditions outside the Hermit Kingdom. All they knew was that they were humiliated and unhappy under the Japanese. If they had studied the history of their own country's relations with other powers,— if they had merely recalled how many times the great governments of the world, including America, had solemnly guaranteed their independence only to consent immediately afterward without a shadow of protest to the annexation of their country by Japan,— they would probably have paused to take thought.

Korea is incapable of defending itself. Its geographical position exposes it to foreign attack. If China had not been defeated by Japan in 1895,

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Korea would still be its vassal; if Japan had not conquered Russia in 1904, Korea would be under the Russian yoke to-day — a heavier yoke than Japan's. Koreans must remember that Japan's purposes in their country have been aided by sections of their own people, won by means which do them no honor; and that the gendarmes who committed so many atrocities last year had in their ranks a large number of Koreans in Japanese pay.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily British Occupied Territory), *November 19*]

THE CULT OF THE SUPERNATURAL

Days like these, which upset all the established habits and practices of society, overturn likewise our conventional canons of thought, and make men grope blindly toward the mysterious and unknown. Life in this world has become so hard and difficult that interest in the next world has been wondrously revived. Our old materialistic philosophy has departed with the brilliance of the imperial era. Our faith in what is merely earthly, in what we call 'real,' in liberal dividends and modern sanitation, as the true view of life, has been shaken like many other of our convictions. We have overturned not only thrones, but also what seemed securely rooted creeds. People are filled with a longing for things which are not of the visible world — things which we can not see, but whose power we feel. Our spirits are wandering as in a fog, seeking to discover a light. Guides in plenty volunteer their services. Dream readers, prophets, and religious apostles of every kind, are reaping a rich harvest. Thousands are knocking at the gates of another world, seeking some message from dear ones torn from them by a murderous war. They cannot convince themselves that those they loved so devotedly, whose memory still hovers about their homes and about every act of their daily lives, have really disappeared forever. What has become of them? Are we indeed mere fleeting shadows on the surface of existence, like momentary reflections on the water, vanishing forever and leaving naught behind? Hamlet's old query constantly intrudes itself. People are no longer ashamed of superstition, even in its grosser forms. Ancient and irrational kinds of credulity are reappearing, to show how prone the human mind is to atavistic lapses. It is a very common error to believe that the race learns by experience — at least in this field. The uselessness of a talisman or a horoscope never yet prevented a person from taking a chance in its protection; as you can discover, perhaps to your surprise, by inquiring in the most enlightened and best educated circles.

Everything becomes a business in a great city, and the sudden demand for transcendental goods has attracted as abundant a supply as an active market does for sugar or leather. Our prophets, clairvoyants, palmists, and other occultists, sail under various flags — of which the banner of science is just now most popular. Science seems to link them with the culture of the recent age, and gains the confidence of the credulous. A spirit endorsed by science is to-day one of the most attractive ads on the billboards, competing there with announcements of the most conservative new security issues.

In Berlin itself, where people respond best to coarse stimulants, this movement assumes a practical, business-like character. At least, this is true among the people at large. Still we read in the papers of innumerable new sects: 'Revelationists,' 'Youths of the

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Triangle,' and similar mystical organizations. Most of them are religious sectarians who have seceded from 'Pietists' or other groups to which they formerly belonged, because the faith of the latter was not pure enough and not based on a sufficiently literal interpretation of the Bible. For, indeed, many of our people still cling to their three-century old habit of interpreting the Bible literally. That practice has always bred innumerable sects. But the gentry who appeal to our practical Berliners most are those who promise something precise and immediate — dream readers, palmists, Christian Scientists and other healers, telepathists, and hypnotists. Most of these make no secret of the fact that they practice their trade for gain. They try to get the best possible price for the supernatural power which they claim to possess. Telepathists enter the service of detective bureaus to ferret out crimes, and gold-dowsers become advisers of business houses. Are all these people conscious swindlers? Frequently they honestly believe in their special faculties and make others believe in them. In any case they often try to prove they possess such powers.

Spiritualist seances, conducted by a medium having his or her little circle of believers, often end in more or less open scandal, and the disclosure of incredible credulity. They are in many cases broken up by the police, who are professional unbelievers. It then turns out that a shrewd charlatan has exploited some notable success — an alleged miraculous cure or a successful lottery drawing, ascribed to spiritual guidance. He then converts a whole group of people. That is not as difficult as one might fancy. An accidental cure, due to sympathy or laying on of hands, in a case where the physician has given up the patient, and you have at once a host of converts. Many who served in the war were conscious of forebodings of evil and visions of coming catastrophe. When such events actually occurred — as they did in many individual cases and to the country as a whole — the family whose member had these melancholy previsions at once seized upon them as a demonstration of prophetic powers. In other cases, dreams have occurred. The family clock has suddenly stopped, or some heirloom has mysteriously vanished. Spirits invoked to inform relatives of the continued survival and happiness of the departed, or to advise men in business matters, naturally do their duty so far as it lies in the interest of the parties concerned. That belongs to the business. You constantly come up against the statement: 'Yes, yes, those are the things which the scientists don't understand,' or, 'The doctors know nothing about it.' Miracle mongers and mediums thus help the common people to get even with state subsidized sciences.

The need felt by the educated for some message from the world that transcends the senses is likewise greater than formerly, but it naturally is not so easily satisfied as that of the common people. Tolstoi realized this when he blandly left the slaves of superstition to amuse each other. Educated people in Berlin are now regular attendants at occultist meetings. Your scholar generally belongs to some circle or society which occupies itself with the puzzles of Indian or Oriental religion. Buddhism in particular has many adherents. There is a good sale for books dealing with Rudolf Steiner's theosophist ideas, or even with the mysticism of old Jacob Böhme. By the time these students have read their third book, they write a fourth of their own, as is the custom with us Germans. Christian Science, which had some vogue here before the war, gathers

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many adherents in quiet West End meeting rooms. In short it does not matter what your particular belief is, if you only start out scientifically. Why should a person hesitate to take that road when names of such excellent scientific prestige as those of Schrenck-Notzing, or Charles Richet, guide us toward the occult? Visions and seances are the raw materials. Naturally your famous scientist becomes cautious at this point and speaks reservedly of certain 'spiritual incidents of an unexplained character,' but he leaves room for any possibility.

The best known and apparently the best certified incident to-day is that of Major von Gillhausen, which is being much discussed everywhere in Berlin society. Major von Gillhausen was an officer in active service in the Third Regiment of Infantry Guards, and died on May 2, 1918, as the result of severe wounds. He had been wounded several times before, but in each instance had returned to active service. He claimed to have had a vision at two o'clock on the afternoon of August 3, 1914, just after the outbreak of the war, picturing clearly the later course of the war as it actually occurred, with the defeat of Germany. Without communicating this vision to anyone, he committed it to paper, placed it in a sealed envelope, and kept it with him during the whole campaign. Eight days after he died, on May 10, 1918, the paper was discovered during the inventory of his property. His executors certified that it was genuine, and that the seal was intact. It should be mentioned that Major Gillhausen was a poet, a composer, and consequently of rather different temperament from the average officer. That, however, would not explain the striking correspondence between many features of his vision and the actual events as they later occurred. Possibly this incident is destined to be as famous later as Cazotte's prophecy in 1781, delivered at La Harpe's Salon in Paris, which foretold the later course of the Revolution with considerable accuracy.

There was a time when clairvoyants and mediums played a great rôle in Berlin and Prussia, and played for very high stakes; namely, the favor and power of a king. This was between 1780 and 1790, in the reign of 'William the Fat,' the pious, but convivial and easy-going, successor of Frederick the Great. That monarch placed himself in the hands of the exorcists whenever his nerves became too highly strung, or the current curiosity to converse with the departed seized him. His spiritualist courtiers knew how to profit by this, and employed the weak king for their political ends, as if he were a marionette. The shrewdest of these gentlemen was General Bischoffwerder, the king's favorite, and the friend of Minister Wöllmer. Both of these gentlemen were polished men of the world, and were perfectly aware that sensuality and mysticism often go together. It was a time when Rosicrucians, Illuminati, and Freemasons of various rites were playing an important rôle everywhere in Germany, and when science and superstition joined hands, the way they have to-day. But under cover of these mystical ideas, hidden wire-pullers pursued practical political objects. Freemasonry was used to disguise the democratic propaganda of the period, and to prepare international sentiment for the French Revolution. More immediate objects inspired the intrigue around the throne of King Friedrich Wilhelm II. Austrian and French plotters schemed against each other at his court. Agents of the Emigrants, seeking to have Prussia make war against the new republic, intrigued against agents of the Jacobins, who labored for the progress

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and liberation of the common people. Bischoffwerder belonged to the Austrian party. He got Friedrich Wilhelm under his influence when the latter was still Crown Prince, using spiritualist manifestations for his purpose. The latter occurred in the little Belvedere Pavilion, which still remains deserted and stripped of its furniture, in the Castle Park at Charlottenburg, although to-day forgotten and neglected. The prince used to be conducted thither, shaking with superstitious tremors, late at night, to a room still further darkened by closed shutters and heavy hangings. There, he was left all alone. A conjuror would thereupon appear and draw a circle around himself which no one might pass. Then, to the accompaniment of a glass harmonica, the magician would chant his mystic incantations and milk-white vapor would fill the room. From this vapor would emerge the form of Frederick the Great, as all the world had known him; his cane in his hand and his cocked hat upon his head. He would deliver stern lectures to his terrified nephew, ordering him to change his life, to give up his dissipated companions, to heed the friends and counselors who directed him to paths of virtue. After the spirit had disappeared, Bischoffwerder would arrive, and reassure the half-unconscious prince, and take him next to a Rosicrucian assembly, whose presiding officer would repeat to him the identical admonitions which he had just received from the ostensible spirit of Frederick the Great, warning him with equal sternness against dissipation and immorality on the one hand, and democratic heresy on the other.

The spiritualist seances of that day developed into a scandal of permanent historical interest, when in 1781, a little brunette Sicilian, Joseph Balsamo, later known as Count Cagliostro, appeared in Paris, and proceeded to lead high society around by the nose, as if its members were dolls in a puppet show. Five years later, this adventurer was implicated in the Halsbrand trial and the intrigues of Cardinal Rohan. When he was taken to the Bastille, followed by the shouts and imprecations of the mob, his ears already detected the first crackling premonitions of the collapse, which only a few years after was to precipitate kingdom, state, and society to ruin.

Cagliostro furnished Goethe with the suggestion of *Grosskophta*, and he was utilized by Schiller for his magnificent fragment *The Clairvoyant*, which appeared in 1787. Who knows but what some Cagliostro will soon appear among us, and utilize the political comedy of errors of the day for another great deception, which will clear the atmosphere for the coming era! Hitherto, however, the vogue of mysticism has begotten no such ambitious schemes. Our familiar spirits so far have occupied themselves only with such unimportant trifles as stolen spoons, vanished inheritances, and faithless marriages. Business has been very bad for them in the political field. Indeed, for the last two years our politics and public life have shown no evidences of spirit of any kind.

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[*Der Tag* (Berlin Conservative Daily), *December 29, January 15*]

UNDER THE TERROR

BY ROMA

[These sketches purport to be true incidents of Russian prison life, witnessed by the writer.]

I.

Our cell is cold and dark. A mere glimmer of light penetrates through the tiny barred windows. Black shadows with white faces cower on the half-rotten straw. To-day, we are still eighteen. To-morrow, we shall have more room, for five in a few hours will feel the muzzle of a Browning against their necks. Thank God, I am not one of them. But Filimonoff and Jacobson are. Who are the others? Dvoretzky? Little Geilis?

I move with a start. A moist, cold hand touches my shoulder, and quick, hot words are whispered in my ear. 'Roma! Listen! In God's name listen! I am perfectly sure that the beasts will shoot me to-day like a dog. No, don't try to comfort me; so far as possible I'm reconciled. But I have a favor to ask — Don't refuse it, for it's the last request of a dead man. You may be liberated; you have the best chance. Go to Odessa, Derivassovskaya Street 21, and break the news to my parents as gently as you can. Tell them I died of typhus — or anything — but you will pardon my asking . . .'

Are they coming already? No, it is only the guard with his little dim, smoky petroleum lamp.

How remarkably still it is in the building! No wonder; it is Wednesday. To-day, the Extraordinary Commission sits, and to-night, the condemned men will be shot. Every Wednesday there are three to four hundred.

Although the names of the condemned are never given — not even to the victims themselves — yet most of those who are to go know that their knell has sounded. None feels safe, even the most innocent, even those who have not yet been heard. A sort of animal terror lurks in every breast.

Hour follows hour. Deep silence reigns in the immense building. Only the slow steps of the guards echo in the corridor. Stump! Stump! Stump! Seldom does a prisoner speak. Now and then one catches part of a whispered sentence: 'Do you hear the auto trucks coming? Six of them again. So at least three hundred.'

'Where do they take the corpses?'

'The devil knows! Now they are getting cautious and burying their tracks. Last year Denikin disinterred the men they slaughtered and had photographs taken to publish to the world. The pictures appeared in foreign newspapers.'

'A silly proceeding. Denikin and his butchers were no better; in fact they were often worse. It's just like the war. Each side boasts its justice and accuses its enemy of atrocity, but at the bottom they are all of them beasts.'

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Stump! Stump! Stump!

'See Jacobson. It's a close call for him. I believe he'll go mad before they get him. What is the matter with his eyes? Why is his head constantly shaking? Is n't it fearful! When they let me out a minute this morning, I saw his wife and daughter in the court. They had brought him bread and gruel. Yes, they'll come a good many days, I guess, before they find out.'

Stump! Stump! Stump!

Now they are coming. We hear new steps in the distance. Soldiers! And a minute later rifle butts thud on the floor. There is a rasping of keys in locks. People are going back and forth. The motors are chugging in the court. We know why. Everyone listens intently.

'Do you hear? — Once more!'

A trained ear quickly detects the reports of a revolver, punctuating the noise of the motors. The latter keep going without interruption. Twenty minutes, — half an hour!

Suddenly, before we expect it, the door opens, — so abruptly that three of the prisoners shriek. Men are standing in the doorway. They enter. An official holds a list. Two men stand at his side with drawn revolvers. Behind them are other men with arms.

'Jacobson!'

Silence.

'Jacobson!'

Silence.

My eyes involuntarily search the darkness. Practically every head is bowed. Only one form is visible, standing with almost comic stiffness in the corner. Slowly, very slowly, it separates itself from the wall. It advances. The face is as pale as that of a corpse. The eyes stare fixedly into the distance. The commissar steps up to him. Jacobson vanishes from the chamber without a sound.

Dvoretzky springs up: 'Have you got me down?'

'What's your name?'

'Dvoretzky.'

'Dvoretzky? Dvoretzky?' The officer's eyes run down his list. He turns it over to look at the back. 'Dvoretzky? No, apparently not.'

I see a gleam of relief and mad hope flash in Dvoretzky's eyes.

'Sure! Here! What's your name? Dvoretzky? Vladimir Nikolayevich?'

'Yes.'

'This way, please!'

The victim's arms sink limply by his side. What must he have lived through in those few seconds! He casts a half-despairing glance back into the cell. His eyes rest on me a second. Then he disappears in silence.

'Filimonoff, Andrei Vassilyevich!'

'Here!'

Calmly and composedly, this man raises his magnificent figure erect: 'Good-by, comrades! Perhaps we'll meet again.'

'Voranzoff!'

'In the next cell,' we reply in chorus.

'Nikitin!'

'I? How? Impossible! I have not had a hearing. There is some mistake!'

'Permit me. Are you Nikitin?'

'Yes.'

'Alexander Leotyevich?'

'Yes.'

'Come then! I merely have orders to get you. The rest is no business of mine.'

'But I'll not permit myself to be shot by you this way. My whole imprisonment was due to a mistake. I don't even know what I am charged with!'

'Please don't delay me. I am not permitted to converse with the prisoners!'

'But I'll not go! Even a worm turns when it's trodden on.'

'Come out!'

'No!'

'Take him, guards!'

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A short struggle . . .

'Kranz!'

'Not here!'

'Potapoff!'

'Also not here!'

The door is slammed, the key turns in the lock. We are alone. These terrible five minutes rest like a nightmare on our souls. All are silent. The motor keeps chugging.

A light snicker breaks the silence, rising to hysterical laughter.

'Ha! Ha! Ha! They've forgotten me! Ha! Ha! Ha! Now they'll let me out, for on the list I am counted as dead. Don't you see? From now on I am a living corpse. Ha! Ha! Ha!'

Little Geilis' laughter dies away in sobs, and he speedily collapses on the floor with hysterical contortions. I wonder if he has suddenly gone mad.

That question, however, remains forever unanswered. Five minutes later they come back for him, and must carry him limp and unresisting from the cell.

II

'I PRAY you, by all that's holy! It's a mistake! The names have got changed. I, Sergei Semyenovich Edrianoff, have been acquitted. I am to be released to-morrow. The papers have already been signed and now you want to shoot me! — Would you rob a healthy, strong man of his life? Kill him just because he has been confused with someone else? Check up your list! Telephone. . . .'

'Kindly come out and don't keep your comrades waiting. I can't help you. Your name's on the list. Whether there's been a mistake or not, I am just obeying orders. Moreover, I know that joke. Many a black-hearted criminal has sung the same song right here, so . . .'

. . . . . .

A murmur of voices, and the sound of footsteps comes from the corridor. The unrhythmic clicking of a typewriter can be heard in the next room.

Commissar Leontyeff is alone. The after-effects of a sleepless night weigh him down like lead. 'Thank God that was the last!' he pondered. 'It was a narrow escape for poor Edrianoff . . .'

Leontyeff yawns and stretches and mechanically picks up the first paper on the pile before him. It is a list of the condemned: he glances over it indifferently, then suddenly — 'Stop! Is n't that Edrianoff? And does n't he get 'Semyenovich' from his father? Hang it! Has there been a mistake?'

Leontyeff grabs his cap from the hook and hurries out through the vaulted passage to the courtyard.

Crack! . . . Crack! . . .

He hastens his footsteps, reaches the exit, bursts open the door, and steps into the courtyard.

At first, he merely sees the dark outlines of a big auto truck. Then, some twenty steps beyond, the brightly lighted interior of a shed. Two sentries stand at the entrance.

Trrach! ! Trrach! ! !

'Halt!'

With two springs, Leontyeff is in the shed, slips and half falls, and slaps his hand into something fluid and gluey. Fifteen white forms spattered with blood and brains lie in a contorted heap upon the floor. Their faces are distorted, their arms and legs form a chaotic tangle. The hair of one has fallen down over his brows and his glassy gray eyes shine with the fixed stare of death beneath. The head of another has been fairly blown to pieces by shots from a Colt revolver. The forehead and eyes are gone, and only the lips remain fixed in a ghastly grin. There is blood on the walls, blood on the floor, blood spattered over the two executioners.

'Is Edrianoff still here?'

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Leontyeff gazes around the shed.

'Edrianoff! Edrianoff! !'

A few forms as white as chalk cower in the background. Leontyeff steps up to them and throws a flashlight in their faces. Terror stricken eyes glare at him from bloodless countenances.

'Why did n't you answer? Come with me! We'll investigate this tomorrow.'

. . . . . .

'Here, Comrade Edrianoff, are your papers. You're free and you can go where you will. Yes, just one thing more. What I want to say is — um — um — yes — um, don't be offended because I did not believe you last night. You see, when you hear the same tale over again day after day, the same prayers and curses and imprecations and tears and attacks of hysteria — you get so you don't notice them. You have nothing to say? Well, good-by! Sentry, let him out!'

. . . . . .

Black clouds chase down the heavens and conceal the moon. From time to time, however, the latter's rays momentarily pierce the gloom, throwing a transient gleam of pale light into the murder courtyard. A raw autumn wind whistles through the trees. Dry leaves rustle here and there. Not a sound breaks the stillness; merely a red glowing dot in the darkness indicates that in the blackest corner of the courtyard a man is smoking a cigarette. It is the sentry, a Red guardist, hardly more than a boy.

Mischa is afraid. A horrible, paralyzing fear seizes him. He imagines the invisible hands of spirits are clutching for his throat. In order to compose himself a little, he has rolled a cigarette and seated himself behind some boxes, waiting longingly to be relieved by his successor.

What's that? In the shed? Are yesterday's dead rising? His trembling hands involuntarily make the sign of the cross.

In a moment it is dark again. A black cloud has drifted over the moon. Mischa trembles from head to foot. The ragged edge of the cloud is growing brighter. One can already see the white outlines of the moon behind it. 'God and the Saints, save me!'

Then he sees clearly a cowering form.

'Who's there? Who's there? Stop or I shoot!'

Krrach — Tarrarach! . . .

Men rush up from every direction. There is a hum of voices. Lights are brought.

'Who fired? Why? Where is the sentry?'

Now, everyone sees what it is. Standing stiff and erect against the wall is a tall, white form half clad. Its overcoat and coat and hat lie on the ground.

'What are you doing here? How did you get in this courtyard?'

Commissar Leontyeff recoils.

Wide distended, insane eyes stare at him, and a rasping voice whispers: 'Comrade Commissar, I beg you, by all that's holy, tell 'em it's a mistake!'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ST. JOHN ERVINE AND AMERICA

THE impressions of America given to British newspapers by English literary men who have visited 'The States' are almost always full of interest. Mr. St. John Ervine has been lecturing on the common illusions about America, and the process of disillusionment. At a recent meeting of the Irish Literary Society he said:

'I thought of America as a country full of boasting, assertive, and rather mannerless people, closely intent on making money, and convinced that they had won the war. I discovered very speedily that the average American has far better manners than the average Briton, that he does not boast more excessively than he is entitled to boast, and that he is, on the whole, much more submissive to authority than Englishmen are. I did not find one man or woman in the parts of America visited by me, who had not got a very clear idea of the share of their country in the winning of the war.

'Love of money seems to me to be among the least of American characteristics. What one does discover in the whole population, rich and poor, is a real love of doing a job as well as possible. The American seems to like work, and he is fascinated by the power which control of industry gives to him. An American business man, even a very rich American business man, will be at his desk in his office, deeply engaged in his work, before an English business man has finished drinking his early morning cup of tea. I do not think that this is necessarily a virtue in the American business man — in many respects, indeed, the English business man is his superior — but it arises, partly, from the fact that he must keep on the same level as his competitors, but more especially, from a genuine love of his job. A workman in America has much the same feeling. He would feel ashamed to demand increased wages at the same time that he was deciding to do less work and worse work.

'What we call American brag is the outcome of a quite laudable desire to see things better done in his country than they are done elsewhere. Civic pride is far stronger in American cities than it is in British cities. When I was in Chicago, I used to see banners stretched across the streets with legends such as "Boost Chicago" on them. The citizens were invited not only to brag about their city, but to make it worthy of brag. Something of the temper of Chicago at present was to be found in the people of Birmingham when Mr. Chamberlain was Mayor of that city.

'When I say that Americans are more submissive than Englishmen, I mean that they are more willing to accept the insolence of persons in office than we are. Walt Whitman referred to this aspect of their character more than once in his poems. We respect the law more than Americans do, but we have less respect for officials and politicians than they have. The American mind is more responsive to newspaper opinion than the British mind, and the American people generally are much more patient than we are. I have seen audiences in New York and Chicago

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patiently waiting for half an hour after the advertised time of beginning, without emitting a murmur of complaint. A theatre-manager in this country who behaved in that fashion would be courting destruction. I suspect that much of this patience and submission is due to the fact that a very high percentage of the population has fled to America from oppression and poverty in Europe, and that some of the habits of servility learned in the Old World have been carried to the New World. At the same time, these people, in spite of their submissiveness to authority, have a zest for novelty and adventure and experiment which is not to be found in our population. They are more willing to try new things than we are.'

Mr. Ervine said that one of the illusions about America we must shed was the belief that the Americans are a homogeneous people. 'America may be the melting pot of Europe, but she has not yet fused the very intractable material she has received from the Old World into a new and united thing. Possibly she may do so, but it is equally conceivable that she will not.'

Bourdillon

At the age of sixty-eight Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, translator of 'Aucassin et Nicolette,' has died at Midhurst. As a poet he never achieved conspicuous success, despite a delicate talent and command of form, and despite numerous appearances at intervals since the 'seventies. A lover of Sussex, his native county, he perhaps was at his best in his Sussex verse; but he will be remembered as the poet of 'Aucassin.' In addition to his finely-felt and, to our taste, adequate rendering of the romance, he produced a photographic facsimile of the manuscript of the original. Later, he published a study of the *Roman de la Rose*. Mr. Bourdillon resembled in a minor degree the author of *The Earthly Paradise*, and his knowledge of mediæval romances in general was wide.

Epigrammata

Shane Leslie, in the New Witness

VALE

Farewell to thee, Fair Chance, and thee, Good Luck,
For I have found the One who does not lie;
To other ones, with whom you play the Puck,
Farewell I cannot say until they die.

SWINBURNE DEAD

By the pardon Gothic organs blow,
By the pitiful Gregorian Hymn,
Let the conquering Galilaean know
Lord Apollo slain by Cherubim!

Heckling Bernard Shaw: A Note from the London Daily Telegraph

Addressing a public meeting organized by the St. Pancras branch of the Independent Labor Party at the Public Baths, Prince of Wales-road, Mr. George Bernard Shaw remarked: 'As long as the country is in debt, no man, whether he is a capitalist or landlord, or prince, or duke, or beggar, has a right to spend a single day without work. What you want in this country is compulsory labor for everybody.' (Cheers.) If he were a dictator on the proletarian side, he would deal more mercifully with some so-called crime than the existing law. There were even murders with regard to which he should not be too hard on some people. If a man were not punished for murder, he did not believe he himself would do many murders; he imagined about half a dozen under existing circumstances would satisfy him. (Laughter, and a Voice: 'You will be retained as the communist jester!')

Mr. Shaw made no answer.

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The Death of Nijinsky

THE premature death of Waslaw Nijinsky, the most wonderful of all the Russian male dancers, may serve to remind aspirants that dancing is the most exacting of the arts. The nervous breakdown, which was the beginning of his end, is a not infrequent result of the tremendous tax on the powers of action and emotion. Nijinsky had danced ever since he could toddle, his first appearance at the Imperial theatre in Warsaw being as a Chinese boy with a pigtail, when he was only six years old. His athletic agility was amazing — he seemed to abolish the law of gravitation and become an incarnation of space twist. But he was too much of an artist to be acrobatic, and he made his every gesture and movement a spiritual thing. The range of his art was wide, though he had not the impressive virility of Mordkin or even Novikoff, and even in *Scheherazade* could not express the fierceness of human passion. He was best in dionysiac parts, when there was an elfin touch in his joyousness, and in the academic fantasias, which ask for witty irresponsibility — indeed, he looked then as if he could translate La Rochefoucauld's 'Maximes' into terms of dancing. Modest and ingenuous, he lived for his art, and no doubt he died for it.

W. H. Hudson

READERS of Mr. W. H. Hudson will welcome Dent's publication of a new book *Dead Man's Plack* (Dent, six shillings). The book is composed of two long-short stories, 'Dead Man's Plack' being a good deal lengthier than 'An Old Thorn,' the story of an ancient and solitary tree on the Wiltshire Downs, with mysterious powers, to which poor Johnny Budd, in 1821, prayed when he was being carted off to Salisbury Gaol to be hanged for stealing a sheep. This story of tree-worship is as strange and magical as the tree itself, but it is to 'Dead Man's Plack' as an exceptionally good and striking piece of work to a masterpiece. What a wonderful experience for the reviewer is the encountering of a masterpiece, a little crock of gold buried in a dustbin parcel of rubbishy minor verse, like finding some rare and delicate flower in a backyard, or bird among sparrows, or book on a barrow! For in its own luminously perfect and individual way, this story of King Edgar and Elfrida, for whom he killed Athelwold his friend, who deceived him, and took her for himself, is a triumphantly realized work of art.

Elfrida, Mr. Hudson tells us, 'albeit still in purgatory' expiating the sins of her pride and ambition, and her own responsibility for the death of her stepson, was yet able to revisit the glade in Harewood Forest, Hampshire, where the monument to Athelwold stands, and 'it does not seem to me altogether improbable that she herself made the revelation I have written.' Her character is, as Mr. Hudson himself says, 'veiled' in the narrative, and 'even after ten centuries it may well be that all the coverings have not yet been removed, although she has been dropping them one by one for ages.' Not yet is she able to reveal her inmost soul, for when that day comes her sufferings are over. But the calm, the transparently lovely art of Mr. Hudson should yet plead for her with an eloquence irresistible. At least, none can doubt that it all happened just as Mr. Hudson relates it, just as though his readers were not only living and present through all the phases of this Saxon tragedy, but had the mysterious power, through him, of reading the hearts of the actors.

The Passing of the 'Insane' Schools

A NOTABLE change is evident in British art. For years we have been

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subjected to the dishonest work of lazy charlatans. These, backed by crazy cranks and easy-going critics, have swindled a public devoid of courage and conviction, or the power to distinguish dross from gold. Fortunately, the futurists, Cubists, and innumerable sects of incompetents are disappearing. The best of them represented a reaction against the Post-impressionists, which had its value; but movements which may have begun in all seriousness soon became the prey of the humbug and the self-advertiser. Posterity judges harshly the art of those to whom notoriety is more desirable than fame. The opening of the rearranged Wallace Collection at Hertford House, the loan exhibition of Spanish paintings at Burlington House, and the smaller annual amateur exhibitions, suggest on the part of the public a welcome return to sanity, and the appreciation of honest work and technical excellence. It is a refreshing change.

The Legend of Eugénie

THE *Manchester Guardian's* reviewer, rightly enough, refuses to have the Eugénie legend saddled on a credulous world, and takes M. Augustin Filon's new book to task:

'The legend of the Empress Eugénie is passing, and yet another lift on the way has been given by this book. M. Augustin Filon was an intimate friend of the Empress. During the Regency in 1870 he acted as her private secretary. And now he writes with the air of a man who would rather that a notorious figure in history went down to posterity as a woman of slight character who did no conscious ill, than as a woman of some character who did no good at all. The reader may cherish his sentimental picture of the Empress when first he comes to the book. Think of it. A beautiful girl, noble of birth but impoverished, takes her place on a gaudy stage at the age of twenty-six, wife of a commonplace man whose great tragedy it was to have had a Napoleon in his name. She becomes the fascinating woman of her epoch, has her sinister share in the gigantic projects which filled the Europe of her day with the tragic irony of a scene from Mr. Hardy's *The Dynasts;* she acts as ruler of France in the hour of crisis, when her husband is fighting against impossible odds; she will not heed the warning of events, but, faithful to the old order, seeks to stay the tide of a new idea of government; she goes down in the subsequent wreckage, but escapes romantically to this England of ours, which has always doted on fallen greatness; she becomes a widow, loses the son on whom all her remaining hopes were set, knows and is loved by Queen Victoria, and enters the age of gray hairs in the respectable silence of Chislehurst.

'Here, surely, is fit matter for the spirit of irony. But M. Filon would shatter the story. He has little enough sense of life. Let us preserve the amenities; the discords of our existences are disturbing — such, one feels, is his philosophy. At any rate, he sets about his little puppet with comfortable whitewash; the gaudiness is hidden, and at the finish the aspect of the woman is indistinguishable from that of Winterhalter's painting of her. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"— can this cozy suburban lady have aided in the great blood-letting of 1870 and uttered the famous "Celle-ci est ma guerre à moi?" M. Filon's reply is in an outraged negative. One does not complain, of course, that he squashes the cruder slanders against Eugénie's name. Such a one is in the phrase quoted above. M. Filon quite rightly corrects it.'

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[*The Dublin Review*]

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

BY E. M. TENISON

(*Born 1861; died All Souls' Day, 1920*)

'In the Royal Galley of Divine Love there is no galley-slave: all the rowers are volunteers.' This saying of Saint Francis de Sales, quoted by Louise Imogen Guiney, is significant of the gallant spirit, the steady devotion to high impersonal aims, which, combined with generous sympathies and spontaneous brilliance of expression, gave to her life and works a charm, an inspiration, a unity in diversity, difficult to sum up in an epigram, but vividly felt by all who came in contact with her.

Often, the lives of authors make gloomy reading, and sometimes an author when encountered in the flesh is less attractive than the creations of his muse. But admirers of Miss Guiney's poetry and essays, who knew her first through her published utterances and afterward won her friendship, would agree that her literary ideals and personal characteristics were admirably in accord. She did not conserve her most illuminating criticisms, her poetic imaginings, her frequent flashes of wit, to hoard them for print: her letters to her friends, even her most casual notes, all bear the stamp of a mind in which sincerity and graciousness, fastidiousness of taste and ardent enthusiasm, keen artistic sensibilities and pungent gaiety were irradiated by the steady light of a spirit uncompromisingly opposed to the superficial, half-hearted, or mercenary and self-seeking elements in life and letters.

Seldom has any author been more conspicuously free from vanity. Those who were privileged best to know her loved her for her blending of humility with robust moral courage, of refreshing 'common sense' with uncommon scorn of mere expediency; of deep piety with humorous horror of cant, of gentle manners and melodious voice with warrior-swift insight into the characters of saints, men of action, and heroic poets of different eras and races.

Whimsical as her talk and writing sometimes seemed — for she had certain antique principles and preferences which appeared to some prosaic persons scarcely consistent with her American citizenship — beneath the dancing play of her fancy there was a rock of immutable faith; and on this was built the fortress of her life. Her affection for the active saints, Saint Paul, Saint Sebastian, Saint George, Saint Patrick, Saint Martin of Tours, and the tardily canonized Jeanne d'Arc — saints who were not just edifying names to her, but perpetual 'fire and wings' to cheer and to inspirit — was characteristic of one who never forgot she was a soldier's daughter. Her father, General Patrick Robert Guiney, died when she was a young girl; but the happy memory of his companionship was with her always. The Boston home of her youth must have provided a stimulating *milieu* for a poetess who attained distinction when not long out of her teens; yet her main ideas seem to have been evolved more from devotion to her mental

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affinities in the invisible army of the heroic dead, than by the influence of any relation or friend (however dear) among the living.

'What a delightful letter you have given me,' she wrote in 1914 from her beloved Oxford, when invited to a Kentish country house that had weathered the storms of centuries: 'When you say "old manors" and "Claverhouse" you call me to the portcullis to salute. (I assure you I live in the cockloft or the dungeon, for the most part — being of a hermitical turn whenever I get the chance). . . . Not many days ago, by way of taking a needed rest, I walked many miles to Great Tew, where Falkland's lovely walled gardens are a-bloom near his unlocated grave. *Oh, those Seventeenth Century friends.*'

Interested in moral and spiritual progress, she could recognize no virtue in the type of material progress which consists in ruthless extinction of the graces; nor would she tolerate the class of 'literature' from which everything exalted, ardent, or exquisite, is drastically excluded, on the pretext that 'realism' would be outraged by such flights:

> The play which leaves us miserable and bewildered, the harrowing social lesson leading nowhere, the transcript from commonplace life in which nothing is admirable but the faithful skill of the author — these are bad morals because they are bad art. . . . Many of the Elizabethan dramas are dark and terrible; but they compel men to think, and teach more humanities than a university course.
>
> 'Wilful sadness in literature' she denounced as 'nothing less than an actual crime.' But 'sadness which is impersonal, reluctantly uttered, and adjusted (in the utterance) to the eternal laws, is not so. . . . Melancholy, indeed, is inseparable from the highest art. We cannot wish it away; but we can demand a mastery over it. . . . Art is made of seemly abstinences. The moment it speaks out fully, lets us know all, ceases to represent a choice and a control of its own material,— ceases to be, in short, an authority and a mystery, and prefers to set up for a mere Chinese copy of life,— just so soon its birthright is transferred.'

Her own poem 'To an Ideal' wafts us back into the atmosphere of some of her 'starry gentlemen' of the Seventeenth Century (reminiscent as it is of Henry Vaughan, of whose work she was preparing a critical appreciation when her final illness smote the pen from her hand):

> That I have tracked you from afar, my crown I call it and my height,
> All hail, O dear and difficult star! All hail, O heart of light!
> No pleasure born of time for me,
> Who in you touch eternity!
> If I have found you where you are, I win my mortal fight.

But the poem in which, unconsciously, she reveals most of herself is 'The Knight Errant,' where Saint George speaks with the voice of Louise Imogen Guiney:

> Spirits of old that bore me,
> And set me, meek of mind,
> Between great deeds before me,
> And deeds as great behind,—
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O give my youth, my faith, my sword,
> Choice of the heart's desire:
> A short life in the saddle, Lord!
> Not long life by the fire.

Self-revealing, too, is the 'Ode for a Master-Mariner Ashore':

> There in his room, where the moon looks in,
> To silver now a shell, and now a fin,
> And o'er his chart glides like an argosy,—
> Quiet and old sits he.
> Danger! He hath grown heart-sick for thy smile!

And Danger, whom the old seaman erstwhile wooed as a bride, is adjured to whirl him out — even if only in a dream — from dull drab safety into welcome storm, and grant him a ship in which to go down, dauntless to the end.

Age, in Louise Guiney's poems, is always lovable, always tenderly depicted; perhaps most conspicuously so in her imitations of epitaphs from the Greek Anthology:

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Me, deep-tressèd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles, ever in Aulon sleeping,
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with reaping.

When Charles Lamb was told that his work did not 'suit the age,' he responded cheerfully, 'Damn the age! I'll write for antiquity!' And this retort Miss Guiney delighted to remember. She had much in common with Elia, even to her love for the Bodleian, which she described as her 'Mecca,' and from which she could not endure to remain long absent. But never was there any book-lover less of a proverbial dry as dust. Wearing her scholarship with as debonair a gaiety as one of her Cavalier poets would have worn his jewel-hafted rapier, she was never supercilious to the unlearned.

Perhaps her versatility and charm were partly owing to the contrasting nationalities which went to the making of the mortal part of her. Protesting against being described as an 'Irish-American,' she pointed out that she was an 'Irish-French-Scots-English-American!' Certainly, she had some of the elements of all these races, blended in a manner which was entirely her own.

'My father,' she declared, 'used to say, my character was "wholly un-Irish"; and I am sure my tight, unfertile, law-and-order muse is so. But in Ireland, in its history and people, I have an unchanging interest.' 'Tight, unfertile,' are hardly the epithets which fall most readily from the lips of a reader who remembers 'The Wild Ride':

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle,
Weather-worn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.
The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding. . . .
We spur to a land of no-name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

Yet, in spite of (or perhaps because of) this keen zest in life, this love of movement, the gift of timely tranquility also was hers; and however busy, however strenuous, she never appeared perturbed or in a hurry. In some of her idylls there is a hush so exquisite as to be almost unearthly: the moonlit 'Nocturne,' the antique 'Christmas Carols,' the stately cadences of 'Beati Mortui,' the concentrated calm power of 'The Inner Fate' are notable instances; and in a few graphic lines she could paint pictures of rural peace — whether in New England or Old — seemingly so spontaneous in their dewy freshness that they shine like mirrored nature rather than conscious art. Three slender books of her verse, *The White Sail* (1887), *A Roadside Harp* (1893), *England and Yesterday* (1898), have long been numbered among bibliographical rarities — as is her brilliant, tender, and stimulating prose sketch of *Monsieur Henri* (Henri de la Rochejacquelin, of Vendée fame: 'a dear fellow and a hard hitter,' as one of his friends lovingly remarked). Even *Happy Ending*, the most recent of her books, containing what she modestly described as 'the less faulty half' of all her published verse, is out of print.

Of her most characteristic prose works, her edition of James Clarence Mangan (1897), her introduction to some of the lyrics of Lionel Johnson, her monograph on the heroic Jesuit Campion, and her sparkling, wise, and

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witty series of essays (*Patrins: to which is added an Inquirendo into the Wit and other good Parts of His late Majesty King Charles the Second*), only the Campion biography is now to be had. Unprocurable also is *The Scent of Lilies*, a romantic soul-drama of a conversion, cast in the form of a short story. To allow it to remain buried in the back files of a periodical will be a loss to literature. Miss Guiney's own family was one which never departed from the Catholic faith:

It is all but certain [she told the present writer] that we come from the old Gyneys of Norfolk and Rutland; but it can't be proved. There is a great gap, bridged only by tradition: the gap due to the fact that too many of my ancestors, generation after generation, died while their children were very young. My father only remembered hearing from his father one remark of a genealogical nature: 'Cressy was a good battle, Rob, and *we* were in it.' Long after he quoted this to me, I looked the matter up and found there *was* a Sir Roger Gyney at Cressy, and also his brothers Robert and Thomas, all of Norfolk.

My grandfather Guiney, born in Ireland (husband of a Scots wife, Judith Macrae), was far more drawn to Ireland than to any other country, and managed to work 'Patrick' into the name of every one of his seven sons, except the youngest who was plain 'William.' Only two of the seven lived to grow up and marry. The old Gyney Christian names, Roger, John, Robert, William, we have never lost.

My grandfather Guiney's grandfather was born in France (near Marseilles) of a French mother, so you see we are rather 'mixed' on that side. Holding to the Catholic faith had a lot, almost everything, to do with our getting poorer and poorer. I sold the last acre I owned, in 1910, at the death of my American mother (whose people were Lancashire Holdens and County Carlow Dowlings and Doyles).

The essay headed 'Irish' (in the out-of-print *Patrins*, Boston, 1901) reveals on every page its author's love for the past:

The country is full of ruins and traditions. . . . A gander off on a holiday, with his white spouse and their pretty brood, lifts his paternal hiss at the passer-by from a Druid's altar; and where the young lambs lie, in a windy spring, to lee of their mothers, is a magnificent doorway. . . . with its broken inscription an *Orate* for immemorial Kings. . . . A rock is overturned under a yew tree, and discloses horns and knives elder than Clontarf. . . . There can be no other country so fatal to the antiquarian; for zest and labor are superfluous, and a long course of incomparable luck must drive him for very satiety from the field.

But, perhaps her warmest personal preference was for her 'Seventeenth Century friends,' the English Cavaliers, whom in some respects she so much resembled. For boys of all ages she had a tireless sympathy; and there are many at Oxford and elsewhere who are proud to owe to her their first awakening to the enchantments of poetry and the perennial human interest of history. She realized more acutely than most, the unity of past, present, and future; and for her the past remained always vividly alive:

The soul hath sight
Of passionate yesterdays, all gold and large,
Arisen to enrich our narrow night.

Sunny-tempered, sweetly scornful as she was of 'wilful sadness,' yet the chill breath of bygone tragedies, 'the winds of old defeat,' breathed on her across the gulf of ages:

In my soul abide
Urgings of memory; and exile's pain
Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

Yet, with this intense love of the past there was none of the bitterness which sometimes mars such love.

High above hate I dwell:
O storms, farewell!
Though at my sill your daggered thunders play
Lawless and loud to-morrow as to-day,—
To me they sound more small
Than a young fay's footfall,
Soft and far-sunken, forty fathoms low
In Long Ago,
And winnowed into silence on that wind
Which takes wars like a dust, and leaves but love behind.

Love — as Empedocles used the word, to mean the spiritual element that harmonizes, constructs, creates,

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inspires, uplifts, and strengthens — was the keynote of her life. Her heroes were not always those who had been victorious, but necessarily those who were inviolably faithful. Very poignant in its calm beauty — surging up into sudden tragic foreboding at the end — is her 'Vigil-at-Arms':

Keep holy watch, with silence, prayer, and fasting,
Till morning break and every bugle play.
Unto the One aware from everlasting
Dear are the winners: thou art more than they.
Forth from this peace on manhood's way thou goest,
Flushed with resolve, and radiant in mail;
Blessing supreme for men unborn thou sowest,
O Knight elect! O soul ordained to fail!

That he who is led captive may be yet greater than his conqueror was said very long ago: and the Knight-Errant fired by the 'passion for perfection' must go down into the Valley of the Shadow, and face the Dark Night of the Soul, before he may hope to see the mystic dawn or gather the golden rose:

A man said to his angel,
'My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother, what shall I do?' . . .
Then said to the man his angel,
'Thou wavering foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or lose the whole,
As judged by the little judges
Who harken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue
The wise shall interpret thee!' . .
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;
To fear not sensible failure
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall.

True to this standard, 'the Paladin' kept her banner afloat to the last, through dragging and difficult years which to a less gallant spirit might have seemed gray with the shadow of defeat — such material defeat as disinterested lovers of letters must not flinch from facing, in an age when literature has become so organized a trade that the handicap is ever increasingly heavy for those few who still approach it devotedly as a vocation.

Such writers as Louise Imogen Guiney follow a star invisible as yet to the oft-quoted 'man in the street,' who not only in politics but in art and letters is being prematurely pressed into the part of world-dictator. Despite the appreciation given her in Boston and among an unostentatious but faithful audience this side of the Atlantic, her fame — if by 'fame' we mean popularity — will be a revenue payable chiefly to her ghost. It now remains to be shown whether her natal continent America, or her second home Oxford, will be the first to produce a collected edition of her complete works. When the word 'education' is on everybody's lips, the assumption that what pleases the fastidious few must necessarily forever fail to fascinate the many, is no dazzling homage to the goddess Progress.

Sooner or later 'Time's old daughter Truth' must distinguish between writers who caricature her in the fashionable costume of the changing moment and those who worship reverently at her hidden shrine and then go bravely forth into the world to champion her eternal beauty. In which rank stands Louise Imogen Guiney there can be no question. And, like Spenser's angels, she spent herself ungrudgingly, 'All for love and nothing for reward.'

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

AN ARNOLD BENNETT NOTEBOOK

BY P.

THE world is so full of a number of things, and Mr. Bennett is interested in so many of them, that the wonder is he ever found time to write all the vol-

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umes that are classified on the leaf that precedes his title pages. But besides producing all these definite works, it seems that he has also had time to jot down his reflections on all sorts of passing encounters and events. The result* was not compiled as possible material for any stouter volumes — it is not a 'notebook' like the one by Tchekov, which has just been printed, wherein the curious may discover in five lines the complete skeleton of one of those strange, fragmentary short stories. Each of Mr. Bennett's 'notes' is complete in itself, however small its space — the result is more a portrait of the artist than a glimpse at his paints and palette. The picture even includes 'funny stories,' and writing of paints is sufficient excuse for an example of their kind and presentation:

Which reminds me that I have lived intimately with painters, and that one of them, in Paris, who had discovered that he could mix better colors than he could buy, once said to me: 'I still go on with my color-mixing. I get up rather late, paint until lunch, paint after lunch till it's dark, and then till dinner I mix my colors. It makes you feel virtuous. It makes you feel like an old master. Goodness knows, it's the only time when you do feel like an old master.' And that reminds me of a group of provincial old masters of the British art of football, who, after a final cup tie at the Crystal Palace, and an evening at the Empire, turned into their hotel just at closing time on a Saturday night. They were seven. Said the oldest master of them all, glancing about him and counting: 'Seven. A round each. Waiter, bring forty-nine whiskies and sodas. Then you can go to bed.'

And I was once — years ago — discussing English history with a young athletic friend. I pointed out that no battles, except civil scraps, had been fought on British soil for centuries. 'Yes,' he said, 'all our fixtures have been away.'

'Clearly, a bedside book,' will be the comment of the discerning. These 'things' of Mr. Bennett fit very neatly into that useful category — though perhaps it would be as well to have a little care whose bed they are laid beside. Many of his comments have to do with the follies and extravagances of the war years, and it is probable that some of us will not be very grateful for the reminder that, when 'a woman, whose son fought for us at Jutland, gave a sixpence to a German prisoner who was passing through Cheltenham in charge of some horses' this disgusting outburst of unofficial Christianity was mildly rewarded by a fine of seven pounds ten shillings; or that official Christianity could only be safeguarded by a fine of six days' pay on a private of the Royal Engineers who went to sleep in church. On the other hand, the globe-trotter may or may not be consoled by the following interesting and very credible admission:

I have never yet been fortunate enough to meet a British Radical in a first-rate foreign hotel. Politically, I have invariably suffered a great solitude in the best foreign hotels. Indeed, the unanimity of British political opinion abroad amounts to a most imposing phenomenon. On the other hand, I have never heard an intelligent political discussion in English in a foreign hotel. Never! And I have lived much in foreign hotels. On social questions, the British attitude in hotels was admirably illustrated by the remark of a beautiful and elegant tennis-playing girl at Cannes, apropos of a miners' strike: 'They ought to be forced down the pits and *made* to work.' General agreement on the courts.

Occasionally, the reader will have cause to suspect that even Mr. Bennett has missed the full inwardness of an encounter. While painting on a Portuguese beach he meets a workman who takes him for a Frenchman.

He told me that he had fought in the war, and gave the names of several places in a very curious pronunciation, but I seemed to recognize the words 'Chapelle' and 'Laventie.' I asked:

'*Etiez-vous près des Anglais?*'

'*Oui. Français bons pour la guerra. Anglais non bons, non bons. Anglais très malhonnêttes.*'

'*Etiez-vous jamais près des Français?*'

'*Non. Jamais. Français très bons. Anglais non bons.*'

* *Things That Have Interested Me.* By Arnold Bennett. London: Chatto and Windus. Pp. xii. 321. 9*s.* net.

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Perhaps part of the explanation was that for a time he had been, as he informed me, orderly to a Portuguese general.

Even more of it is perhaps due to the opinion that was universally held and freely expressed by the 'Anglais' on their oldest ally as a source of strength in the field. Evidently, Mr. Bennett's informant was very near the English (how amusing to find the 'no bon' of the British soldier reappearing at third hand in Mr. Bennett's improved rendering!) and his certain acquaintance with the popular English rating of Portuguese military efficiency might well lead to reprisals in criticism.

But, as we have observed, the greater interest of the book lies not so much in what was seen as in the man who saw it. There is the Mr. Bennett who knows all about hotels, there is the Mr. Bennett who knows 'What is wrong with the theatre,' 'The truth about Revolutions,' and who is the collector and imparter of all sorts of other definite and determined information ('I once went into an artist's studio and said casually, indicating a sepia sketch on the distant opposite wall: "Is that a Cotman?" It was. I needed no further credential. A bond was created. Similarly will a bond be created if you ask a man where is the finest modern English prose, and he replies: "In *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane!*"').

There are, of course, some notable examples of bare and effective description, with the same sharp and intense concentration brought to bear on a football match in Staffordshire or the Quai d'Orsay Terminus in Paris. And there is a queer little tit-bit for those who hold that observation, like patriotism, is not enough. Mr. Bennett had been persuaded to show one of his own water colors to a Parisian authority:

'Monsieur,' he said to me, 'you have three times too much cleverness, and your work is utterly without interest.'

It is scarcely credible, but I felt flattered. I was enchanted that I had three times too much cleverness. M. Laprade and I grew friendly; I visited his studio. We discussed art.

'The only advice I can offer to you,' he said, 'is to wait until you are conscious of an emotion before an object, and then paint what you feel.'

Shortly afterward, I happened to be conscious of an emotion before an object — namely, the courtyard of the old house in Paris where I was living. So I painted what I felt, one December afternoon. I then invited M. Laprade to lunch, and left the water color lying about. He spied it quickly enough.

'*Mon Dieu!*' he cried, too amiably excited. 'You've done it! Oh, you've done it this time! *Très bien! Très bien!* Very interesting! Veritably interesting!'

And mark the result — for even emotion is found to have a market value:

I should have kept this masterpiece as a sort of milestone in my swift career as a Post-Impressionist, had not my American publisher caught sight of it and walked off with it, unintimidated by its Post-Impressionism. 'I shall use this as a "jacket" [paper covering] for one of your books,' he said. And he did. He had it reproduced in colors, and calmly placed it on the bookstalls of the United States. I learned afterward that it was considered by trade experts as among the best commercial 'jackets' of its season.

In one place, Mr. Bennett has an interesting shot at explaining away his own legend:

I used often to say to my friends, 'As soon as I am free enough, I shall go and live in Paris.' And yet, I had no hope whatever of being able to go to Paris as a resident. I doubt if I had any genuine intention of going. But it was my habit to make such idle forecasts and boasts; seemingly they convinced everybody but me. I think now that something subconscious must have prompted them. They have all been justified by events. Chance, of course, has aided. Thus, from about the age of twenty-five and onward I used to say, 'I shall marry at forty.' I had absolutely no ground of personal conviction for this prophecy. But, by a sheer accident, I did happen to marry at forty. And everyone, impressed, went about remarking, 'He always does what he says he'll do.'

Few big men find a personal place in these things that have interested Mr.

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Bennett. But there are some interesting notes on Henry James and his attempt, when he thought he was hard up, to write plays for money:

The votaries of the cult try to gloss over this fact. But it cannot be glossed over. 'My books don't sell, and it looks as if my plays might. Therefore, I am going with a brazen front to write half a dozen.' And then, after the definite failure: 'The money disappointment is, of course, keen, as it was wholly for money I adventured.' I reckon this to be pretty bad; but nobody animadverts upon it. Strange how one artist may steal a horse while another may not look over a hedge.

It would be hard to find two novelists with a larger number of fundamental differences than James and Bennett, but there is a nice quality about this account of their second — and last — meeting:

In the coffee room of the Reform Club he came up to me and said: 'You probably don't remember me. I'm Henry James.' I blushed. (Just as I blushed when in the stalls of a theatre someone tapped my arm from behind and said: 'You don't know me, Mr. Bennett, but I know you. I'm Ellen Terry.' I think that great legendary figures really ought not to make such remarks to their juniors.) I have a most disconcerting memory. I once met a man in St. James's Street, and he stopped and I stopped. I said: 'You must excuse me. I remember your face, but I can't think who you are.' He replied: 'You and I dined together last night with our friend ——' But this man was not a Henry James. And, with all its faults, my memory was incapable of forgetting a Henry James. He asked me if I were alone. I said I had two guests. He said: 'May I join your party upstairs?' I blushed again. It seemed to me incredible that Henry James should actually be asking to join my party. We received him with all the *empressement* that he desired. He talked. He did all the talking, and he was exceedingly interesting. He said that to him the Reform Club was full of ghosts. He told us about all the ghosts, one after another. There was no touch of sentimentality in his recollections. Everything was detached, just, passionless, and a little severe — as became his age. His ghosts were the ghosts of dead men, and his judgments on them were no longer at the mercy of his affections. He was not writing to them, or to their friends. I doubt whether Henry James ever felt a passion, except for literature. I doubt whether he was, in life, more than a dilettante. And, if it were so, that is what is the matter with his novels. They lack ecstasy, guts.

Guts, perhaps, but the champion of James might inquire how long Mr. Bennett has been an authority on ecstasy.

[*The Athenæum*]

AN ORDINARY MAN

BY ELIZABETH BIBESCO

[Editorial Note: Princess Bibesco is the daughter of Mrs. Asquith, and wife of the new Roumanian ambassador to the United States.]

He was driving her home in a taxi, and in emphasis of something she was saying she pressed his knee with her hand. With a jerk, he shrank back into his corner, and revealed to her for the first time the intensity of his passion for her. After that, she avoided seeing him alone; but the very fact that they both knew made the atmosphere more explosive. The air was unbreathable with the impending thunderstorm.

To-day it had broken, and she was looking at him with big, distressed eyes, feeling it indecent for her to be seeing a naked soul. His whole face and voice had changed. Every now and then he shut his eyes as if to blot out her physical presence. His mouth seemed a different shape, and his hot, dry lips had a limp, formless look as if he had no control over them.

The thought struck her that they looked waterproof, but she put the ribald suggestion from her, shocked by her own levity.

'You are so unlike other women,' he said. She accepted it with a sigh, wondering if anyone would ever say to her: 'You are all the women who have ever lived, and yourself.' What fun to be Helen, and Cleopatra, and Madame de Genlis, and Jane Welsh Carlyle! Her mind was wandering.

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'You see, I have never met anyone at all like you,' he went on, while she added Ninon de l'Enclos and Jane Austen to her list. 'I did n't know I could want to kiss anyone more than anything in the world, and then not do it out of love.'

This brought back her attention. Always she had been loved by sensual men reverently; once, only, by an intellectual passionately. Both were flattering, the first more convenient, the second more satisfactory.

'I wonder if you know what I mean?'

'I think I do,' she said, very gently, as one who had strained her subtlety to meet the peculiarities of the situation.

'I believe you would find it difficult to forgive me if I kissed you,' he went on, 'you are so odd. I believe you would really be angry.'

'Not angry — sad,' she said, smiling a little cynically at this mobilization of his chivalry.

'Good God! don't you know I would rather die than make you that?'

He knelt down and put his head in her lap. 'I wish I could do things for you every day and all day, for ever.'

She seemed to meet him everywhere, and always the knowledge that he was in the room made her prettier. There is nothing so beautifying as being loved. It was delightful to feel that, whomever he was talking to and whomever he was looking at, his ears and eyes were really running away toward her.

He never could make up his mind whether to go up to her or not. He hated to have to snatch little moments of her time away from other people — people to whom she was merely a woman, or a friend, or even an acquaintance — and yet he could not keep away. He had to come up to see whether her face was *just* the same as he remembered it, and to hear the gurgle in her voice like the pouring of water when the jug is nearly full.

'Poor man, he is terribly in love with you.'

'Do you *think* so?' she answered, with arched eyebrows. 'He is always very sweet to me and is wonderfully unselfish, and then, poor man'— her voice was infinitely tender — 'he is suffering from shell-shock.'

She liked him best when he hurried her out of draughts, wrapped rugs round her legs, pulled up the collars of her coats and nearly strangled her with her furs. The little touch of clumsiness in his tenderness always melted her....

'All the afternoon, while I played cards at my club, I smelled my hands, for it seemed to me that a little whiff of your scent had clung to them.' . . .

His letters were curiously better than she expected them to be — always. And she liked his graceful handwriting and the way he wrote her name.

There was a woman — a girl — who was in love with him and of whom he saw a great deal. She always praised her and sometimes wondered.

The doctor sent him to the country; and twice every day he wrote to her from his chaise-longue, and twice every day she wrote to him in order that no post should be a disappointment. She never could resist illness. He went to stay with the girl and mentioned her very little in his letters. Also he wrote about 'your great superiority; when we are together, I always feel that I am mixing dross with gold.' Little twinges of anxiety went through her.

'What a contemptible creature I am!' she thought. 'After all, I did n't want his love.'

He came to stay with her, and his great talent came into play, his talent for country-house life. He did everything better than anyone else; but just now under doctor's orders he was forbidden exercise. Every morning she

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went into his room, and he very courteously refused every suggestion she made for his comfort or his happiness. Sometimes she played golf before breakfast so that she should be back in time for him, should he want her. Always, she tried to conceal the sacrifices she was making. 'I would be so grateful if you would come with me in the motor. . . .' Or, if he was installed in the garden, 'May I come and sit here for a few minutes?'

There were days when nothing was right. He contradicted everything she said, and asked her if she were trying to irritate him. Sometimes at night, in bed, she cried with exhaustion.

Her aunt loved him. Such a very nice young man. So sweet to old people. So touchingly devoted to his mother. Why, he never seemed to think of himself at all. His manners were perfect. He was charming to everyone. He knew something about everything. He rarely seemed to be out of his depth, but then he could swim a little. She smiled at his beautiful steering through the heavy traffic of facts. His public attitude toward her was perfect. Tender, deferential, anxiously considerate, he always seemed to be there to push her chair in or to pull it out: and when he picked up her handkerchief or her glove, he gave it to her with a peculiar little intimate look that everyone noticed. She knew that people said: 'His care of her is really very touching. She is rather a selfish woman.' She went on bearing it all, deaf to his delicate, ingenious insults.

'I suppose,' she said to herself, 'that I love him, now that I know the very bottom of his shallows.' The thought humiliated her, but she faced it with the rest.

She could register the arrival of a third person by the change in his voice and his expression. The caressing note and the caressing look that once belonged to her were now exploited on her. He still lifted her feet on to sofas and tucked a shawl round her — unless they happened to be alone. She wondered if he smiled to see her in a trap, and sometimes she wondered why he wanted to keep her there.

It appeared that the girl was engaged to someone else. Perhaps they were keeping up appearances. *She* was keeping up appearances for them. And he had once loved her!

At last one day he went. He said good-bye very tenderly, though there was only a porter to see them. He looked, she thought, a little guilty.

Out of the window of the train he took her hand and kissed it.

'Still the same old scent. I have forgotten what it was called.'

'*Gage d'amour*,' she murmured, ridiculously conscious that a mist of tears was clouding her eyes.

. . . . . .

'I want you to be the first to know. . . .'

So it had come at last, the long-expected letter. She looked quickly down the page for 'I want you to love Effie'; and there sure enough it was.

She laughed a little, and sent them a magnificently impersonal present with an invitation to lunch.

'You are a wonderful psychologist,' said the playwright. 'I have never known you wrong.'

'Have n't you?' she smiled, bantering him with the tone of her voice. And then, seriously: 'I was once completely taken in by someone.'

'He must have been a very remarkable person.'

'No,' she said, meditatively, 'he was n't. He was — yes — he was just an ordinary man.'

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[*The Outlook*]

ANY WORKMAN TO THE CHURCHES

BY H. G. LYALL

[The author of this article won the prize for all Great Britain and Ireland offered by the Walker Trust (St. Andrews University, Scotland) for an essay on 'Spiritual Regeneration as the Basis of World Reconstruction' (December 1920). We publish the article as representing the opinions of thoughtful youth to-day, and not necessarily with any endorsement of the views expressed.—Ed. *The Outlook*.]

The contagion of practical materialism has spread to the Church itself, infecting its whole outlook and poisoning the springs of its life.—*The Army and Religion* (Second Part).

THERE seems little left for workingmen to add to this condemnation of you out of your own mouth, but, while conscious of the truth of this condemnation, our most pressing grievances lie elsewhere.

To us, you are the most unreal thing in the world. The scientific discoveries but of yesterday are as familiar to us as our own hands, but you have a far-away mistiness about you, impossible to describe; or if, for a moment, we can catch your outline, you seem like some ruin — the relic of a past age.

The reason for this unreality is, we feel, not far to seek. You do not yet understand the spirit of this age. You do not yet realize the spirit of inquiry that is abroad to-day: that same eager desire to see, to know, to understand, at whose imperious command science has moved to its discoveries; a desire, not peculiar to one class, but penetrating and permeating every class, and as strong among us workers as anywhere.

We know something of the advances that have been made during the last hundred years or so in the business and commercial world, and much of those made in the realm of science. And we now know that the war was largely the outcome of these advances. But we also know that you did not make a corresponding advance. Had you done so, we cannot doubt but that the war would have been prevented.

You have no vital hold on us. If you doubted this before, you cannot do so now after that compilation of evidence which you yourselves have collected — 'The Army and Religion.'

If you did not know before, you now know that for long you have had nothing to offer the young, the eager, the enthusiast — the most vital part of our nation; and that those who have found Christ have found Him outside your gates — found Him, almost, in spite of you.

'It is fear that holds men back.' It is fear that has held you back; fear of upsetting the fixed and comfortable beliefs of the old, fear of appealing to the hearts through the undimmed minds of the young. And so, the young who grow up under you are like the old of a past generation, and there is no change. Better a hundredfold that the old be disturbed than that the young be left to perish! You have n't trusted us, you have n't taken us into your confidence. You have n't taught us with the simplicity necessary in teaching children — we wish you had; but in other ways you have treated us like children, and we don't like it. Old people may tolerate being treated as children, but the young never will.

We asked bread of you, but you did not give us even a stone, you did not give us anything. We had to go elsewhere — to Sunday Schools where we got history and political economy for religion. We were taught there how you helped the other side during the Industrial Revolution, taught how you have always helped the other side. What are we to think of your coldness, of your lack of sympathy with our efforts in the past and to-day?

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But, keeping away from our own unaided struggles, what are we to think of your attitude to wider things — to the League of Nations, for example? To us in France and scattered over the rest of the earth, this idea, this hope, became something worth fighting for. We venerated the handful of humane statesmen and scholars who gave it birth, and the ever-growing army of public and private persons who kept it in being. Why had we to look so long to you for a response? Only after it had been hailed by the most earnest statesmen the world over and by all Labor and Socialist bodies, did you raise your voice on its behalf; and today you seem helpless to prevent it becoming little else than a mockery. Are we wrong in thinking that the ideal of a genuine League of Nations should have sprung to life in your own bosom and been your dearest child?

What about your outlook on starving Europe? We could find it in our hearts to forgive you your compromises during the war, and your giving of your voice to swell the general shout of hate. We can understand a little of your belief that encouragement of the soldiers lay on one and the same plane with your duty to Christ. But the war has been over for two years. Why have you been so slow to lend your ear to the pitiful cry that has been going up from millions of starving women and children? That cry has melted even the hearts of those whom you perhaps look upon as outcasts. We looked for a passion of pity to stir your heart. Why was it that the first reproof to the Allies for allowing these women and children to starve came from our army of occupation and not from you? Had our soldiers more compassion than you could find in your heart? At last you have joined your voice to the appeal to fight the famine, but — a laggard as ever! — only after the famine has been for long the obsessing thought of thousands of humane men and women in every land.

What do we expect from you?

We expect reality, consistency, courage, sympathy, life. Above all, we expect Christ. 'My humanity is the road by which men must travel.' When will you understand that the humanity of Jesus means all in all to us, and that little else matters? We look to you for an interpretation, for a *re-interpretation*. We look for that broad and imaginative sympathy that counts all men brothers. We look to you to show us Christ's reasonableness, his wonderful knowledge of the springs that move the human soul. We look to you to make living to us his great love for humanity; a love that made him not only suffer for us, but with us; that made him search for means whereby we could be saved from ourselves, from the suffering and misery and loss that we bring upon our own heads and upon the heads of those whom we love.

Now, as never before, you must tell us, and tell us again and again, that 'the wages of sin is death.' This war has been cruel and destructive, and our scientists tell us that the next one will be more cruel and more destructive and the one after that more so than any before, until, finally, humanity destroys itself. The wages of sin, that is, of ignorance, of pride, of love of money and of power, *is* death. Cannot you make the world realize that?

Briefly, we look to you to 'spiritualize democracy.'

But before you can do this, you must have more courage and more life. Had you had in the past as much life, as much conviction, as much fire as our Socialist leaders have, you would have set the world in a blaze by this time. You must also bow to this spirit of inquiry that fills our lives, and do not

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expect from us an unquestioning credulity. Cease to offend our intellects by your services. You cannot make them too simple, too familiar, too real.

Above all, you need vision. You must have as hopeful and convincing a vision of man's potentialities, man's destiny, as Christ had. Your failure in the past is largely due to a want of vision, a want of conviction, a want of hope.

[*The Hibbert Journal*]

MY 'NEW-THOUGHT' BOYHOOD: AN AMERICAN ADVENTURE

BY CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN

When the social historian comes to write the story of religion in America, I, for one, hope he will devote some pages to 'New Thought,' as a phenomenon peculiarly significant and American. It is because I feel this very strongly that I am tempted to outline, for the readers of the *Hibbert Journal*, the impressions made upon me by one of the numerous 'sects' which swept the United States in the nineties of the last century.

In my story — at least so it seems to me — the social historian aforesaid will learn something of America not recorded in the history of Protestantism, at least in the more orthodox forms.

'New Thought,' as I now perceive, came into our little suburb on a flood-tide of business and culture, what I am tempted to call 'culturine.' A big department store — the first of its kind in the country — had sprung up in our raw, windy Western city, and the suburb threw out a rattling, hideous elevated railroad across the intervening territory to meet it. This brought us 'within thirty minutes of the city,' and yielded us up, before we knew it, to forces we had never met before. That department store unsettled all the ideas — economic, æsthetic, social, and, ultimately, religious — which the community had heretofore enjoyed.

Before that department store came into our existence we were linked uncomplainingly to the past. The furniture in our homes was old stuff, shipped from old homesteads to the new homes in the West. The new which we bought was conservative, modeled for the most part on lines familiar for generations. But the department store changed everything.

Every day it brought in from Michigan, and sold, a whole train-load o machine-made furniture; gilt, spindle legged chairs came in; onyx-topped tables; pretentious plush-covered 'parlor sets' which wore bare in a season and had to be periodically recovered It brought in cheap colored pictures vastly alluring to a generation brough up on family portraits, steel engravings of 'The Stag at Eve,' and worsted mottoes. It brought in pyrography an epidemic of burnt-wood book-rack and of burnt-leather sofa pillows. I

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taught us to buy and give to one another 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'!

All this did n't come in, I admit, without a bitter struggle. What we chiefly resented was the dilemma presented to us; we wanted everything as cheap as we could get it, and we were disturbed at the wholesale character of the process of manufacture and distribution which gave us that cheapness. Was the thing 'common'? That was the paralyzing question. We had two categories, as I recall it; a thing was either 'nice' or it was 'common,' and the struggle to classify canned pictures, canned furniture, canned culture of all sorts, was the most unsettling single influence in our suburb when 'New Thought' came in.

When 'New Thought' came in, we had four Protestant churches in our suburb: the small and socially superior Protestant Episcopal church, which unscrupulously combed the other churches for choir-boys; the big humming Methodist church, whose sermons you could hear through the open windows clear out on the sidewalk a hundred feet away; the Baptist church, whose pulpit, to the common scandal, was sometimes filled by the Professor of Church History at the big Baptist university near by, whose theology was reputed to be no better than it should be; and my own church, the Presbyterian. There we had in the pulpit, as I realize now, the first exponent in that part of the country of 'muscular Christianity,' a youngish middle-aged man who declared impressively that there was nothing molly-coddle about Christianity, and who gave us boys boxing lessons in the big round primary-room, with lithographs of a meek Christ on the walls. The Unitarians had not invaded our neighborhood then, and the only Catholic church was many blocks away — at a distance which was universally approved even though it detained our maids and jeopardized Sunday breakfasts in the suburb.

Of theological controversy or discomfort, there was practically none. I do not recall a single young person who had a moment's disturbance over any article of faith. Church lines were drawn strictly, perhaps a trifle jealously, but if the conversations on the front porches were any criteria, there was a universal relaxation in belief, an amiable desire to reduce creed and formulas to their simplest and least pretentious terms, to make shift somehow with a minimum of personal and collective discomfort. I remember only one flare-up, when our somewhat too progressive Presbyterian preacher invited the Catholic priest to occupy his pulpit one Sunday night; this was resented, but chiefly on the grounds that it was n't an equitable transaction, it being obviously impossible for Father Hissian to return the compliment. One of the vestrymen, who had formerly belonged to the 'A.P.A.' and who still had a barrel or two of pamphlets on 'The Whore of Babylon' in his attic, resigned from the church in protest; but this action, as I remember it, brought a prompt revulsion of feeling in favor of the minister. There was such a thing as carrying your convictions too far!

But if in matters of theology there was a general deliquescence going on, I know now that there was considerable yearning and unrest. But it was fundamentally economic. There was scarcely a family which was not being pinched between the small, rigid income and the steadily rising prices. That department store played the very devil with our peace of mind. It multiplied enormously the apparent necessities of life, and brought the luxuries just without our reach.

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Now on this absorbing question, that of making ends meet, the four orthodox churches had nothing to say. The organist of the Episcopal church lived diagonally across the street from us; she was driven to 'keep roomers' as the suburb expanded, and I noticed curiously, as a boy, that in spite of the social superiority of her church she was in her own conversation as much obsessed by the economic problem as was my hard-pressed Presbyterian mother. The Baptists and the Methodists were shameless bargain-hunters. In short, we were all in the same plight, and we were all equally tender of our religious faiths. I mean that, until 'New Thought' came in, we all acted exactly alike in regarding religion as something to be held off, away from the economic struggle.

Then there came filtering into the suburb bits of a new and almost incredible gospel. There were rumors of new sects springing up, which made the largest, stiffest claims regarding the relationship between religion and health, and religion and prosperity. Of these sects the Christian Scientists had the most prestige, but they were handicapped somewhat in our suburb by two things — the persistent newspaper attacks upon Mrs. Eddy, and the sense of recurrent scandal occasioned by the aggressive prosecution of Christian Science 'practitioners' whose patients had died. In those days, the newspapers were quite vigorous in running down such cases and in insisting upon criminal prosecution. All this rather tended to daunt us, in our suburb, where respectability was *sine qua non*. Nevertheless, I have to report several conversions to Christian Science, and the slow emergence of a 'practitioner' or two.

But 'New Thought' came definitely into our suburban consciousness through the 'Christ Scientists,' a sect which differentiated itself carefully from the Christian Scientists in title, ecclesiastical structure, and in what the suburban fathers crudely called its 'lingo.' The chief exponent of 'Christ Science' was a former Congregational clergyman named Van Epps, a rather frail, agreeable gentleman who impressed everybody favorably, he seemed so intellectual and so free from the least trace of the charlatan. Somehow or other — I have quite forgotten how — he established local connections, borrowed the use of a private home for Sunday services, and, finally, set up a regular church which met every Sunday morning in the little auditorium of our suburban clubhouse.

I shall never forget the stir his sermons created. His services were of marked simplicity,— indeed, quite severe in their details,— but he was easily the most quoted man in the town. At first, only the bolder or more restless spirits ventured out to hear him; it was an affair of some delicacy, since your presence at his church was quite likely to be reported at your own; but sooner or later a large proportion of the community had sampled 'New Thought,' and was deep in the discussion of it.

Some, of course, were promptly impressed with 'New Thought' because it was 'new.' I don't know why, exactly, but somehow the 'new' had a prestige in those days which it doesn't seem to enjoy to-day. We believed in Progress, and I guess we were pretty artless about it. Look at the advances in science, we would argue; for that matter, look at the changes in the town itself! Look at the elevated railroad; above all, look at the department store eight miles away, offering unheard-of economies — that bankrupt the whole community! The old was well enough, but the fact is that Truth is like a procession which moves simply and ma-

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jestically on. It was this sense of the cosmic process which led the plump Miss Fulton to subscribe so promptly to the new faith. Miss Fulton, if she had been a man, would have been called a 'joiner.'

Somewhat akin to Miss Fulton in type were those doughty souls, of whom there were several in our suburb, who were drawn to this 'new and despised sect' from a secret and romantic desire to recapture the spirit and the experience of the early Christians. They could n't be told, outwardly, from their conventional neighbors, but inwardly they burned with a flame. They gloried in the contrast between what they conceived to be the potential power of 'New Thought' and its statistical unimportance. A dash of martyrdom would have made it quite perfect!

But the thing which most deeply stirred our suburb was the frank and uncompromising way in which 'New Thought' addressed itself to our bread-and-butter problems, the problems posed for us by that amazing department store. 'New Thought' promised economic redemption in this world, and we were vastly more startled at that,— really, I am measuring my words when I say this,— we were vastly more startled at that than we were at the most lavish and specific assurances regarding salvation in the next. Remember, dear reader, as you loll gracefully on your dividends, that for us the old order had changed, only yesterday, as it were; that the old traditional security, open to all thrifty, hard-working folks, had disappeared, and that in its place was a bewildering struggle to adjust rigid incomes to ascending prices. Not a pulpit in our suburb had addressed itself to this plebeian anxiety, this perpetual concern, until 'New Thought' came in.

Given the right attitude of mind, said Van Epps (an attitude, I may explain parenthetically, to be secured from him in twenty lessons for ten dollars, with an 'advanced course' of ten additional lessons for 'students and teachers'), and you could tap the boundless resources of the Universe. Most sermons, I have discovered, are exercises in synonyms; those of Van Epps rang the changes on 'reservoir' and 'storehouse' and 'abundant life.' Every Sunday morning he held up over our heads, in his frail scholarly hands, a vast cornucopia from which he poured out — bathing us in it — health, wealth, harmony, energy, abundant life. I want to give Van Epps his due — never in my life have I seen faces so transfigured as were the faces of those who left the secular atmosphere of that suburban clubhouse every Sunday morning.

Take Langdon, for example. He was the 'Western representative' of an Eastern 'concern'— happy nomenclature!— under a contract which ran for three years at a stretch. Every time it was up for renewal, Langdon and his wife went through a perfect hell of worry. They had been through five of them, and Langdon's head was gray at forty. Twice out of the five renewals he had succeeded in securing an increase in salary; twice he had been refused, coldly and flatly; and once, I believe, the unequal contest had ended in some sort of a draw. When I knew the Langdons, it is scarcely too much to say that they were living three years at a time, their minds averted from the future.

Langdon worshiped in the Presbyterian church, three pews behind us and over to the right. He was counted a good churchman; I think he was clerk of the board, or something busy like that. But what, I ask you, did Langdon really care about 'muscular Christianity'? What did he care how many boys the minister taught to box?

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What did he care for the sportsman-like theology which the headmaster of Rugby had worked out for the pacification of English schoolboys, and upon which we were fed, willy nilly? The answer is that he did n't fundamentally care a straw, except possibly during the year following the renewal of his contract, when he was in such high spirits that he would have subscribed cheerfully to anything!

Our whole suburb was made up of 'Western representatives,' of 'sales managers,' of 'chief clerks,' of struggling doctors and lawyers. Langdon's plight, in one form or another, was the common plight. When the spiritual Van Epps declared flatly that security and health and abundance were the privilege of all, he struck a chord to which every heart in our town thrilled.

Nevertheless, of course, there was a big fight on. The invasion was not one to be endured. That classic jibe about Christian Science — that it was neither 'Christian' nor 'Science'— did yeoman duty all that first winter, I remember. The literal and unhumorous response to this, invariably, was that what Mr. Van Epps preached was not Christian Science, but 'Christ Science'! The thoughtless promptly challenged you to make clear the distinction, which gave you a fine chance to weave around them that gossamery materialism which, as I look back upon it, seems to me the essence of 'New Thought.'

Van Epps and his intense little wife did quite a bit of 'mental healing'— to the great disdain of the young M.Ds. in our town. Their method was to sit, for half an hour or so, at the bedside of the patient, in unbroken silence, apparently inwardly absorbed in removing those 'mental conditions' which they held primarily responsible for the physical state. But the most striking demonstration which the Van Epps made was one which had little or no observable relationship to their metaphysics. One afternoon, Van Epps took his wife to one of the homes where an advanced study class was to meet. He left her there, and went on his way to the University some eight blocks distant. He had been gone about fifteen minutes when some metaphysical question arose in the class, and somebody expressed the wish that Van Epps himself were present to elucidate the point. Mrs. Van Epps promptly said she would call him. She stepped out on the front porch and stood, so the story goes, with her hands on the railings, staring fixedly in the direction of the University. Van Epps was blocks away, indistinguishable. Not a sound came from her lips. In three or four minutes she returned to the class. 'He has turned back,' she announced calmly. 'He ought to be here in ten minutes.' In ten minutes or so the door bell rang, and Van Epps entered. He turned to his wife: 'Did you call me?' he said.

Well, that episode simply tore the town in two. You either believed, or you did n't believe, and would n't! The feeling aroused was intense. Those women who were so fortunate as to have been there when the thing occurred, had to repeat the story, on demand, a score of times. Those who belonged to Van Epps's congregation looked upon the incident, logically or not, as clear unmistakable evidence that this man had the 'Truth.'

What does the Good Book say about the people, how they seek a sign? I suppose it is a universal trait. I know that there were Presbyterians who, for several weeks after that, struggled with the disloyal idea that somehow 'muscular Christianity' was a rather sterile thing, sterile in signs, at any rate. They looked at the minister's tan — he never had time, in between

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his long, strenuous open air vacations, to get a proper pastoral pallor!— and wondered at the local paradox, that it was he who was now preaching the Christian acceptance of sickness and suffering, and the frail Van Epps who harped on health and abounding energy; that it was substantial he who now insisted that religion should be a matter of immaterial values, and the pale scholarly Van Epps who declared roundly that it should be a matter of red blood and corpuscles, of suburban houses and lots, of vulgar increases in salary. The episode, with one thing and another, jarred Langdon loose from the Presbyterian church, and with him went Leonard, a tall gaunt commuter who was envied because he had 'as good as a life job' with the Standard Oil Company, and four or five women, including my mother. I went along too, but I was too young to be counted by either camp as a loss or an asset.

Van Epps's sermons were—I don't know how to describe it exactly — somehow very 'regular.' He was a great lover of formal logic, a born metaphysician. You may think that his ideas were absurd and irregular, but I know they did n't seem so to him. His mind, to him, was swept and garnished; poverty was abolished in a syllogism; pain and failure were neatly negated; adventure was either eliminated or reduced to comfortable proportions!

But, my goodness, while this was true of him, it was scarcely true of us! With the best intentions in the world, he shipped us off on a chartless sea. Pamphlets began to stream into the house, and little piebald journals, all of them advancing confidently some new and engaging aspect of the 'Truth.' My sister bought a Ouija board and literally scraped acquaintance with an 'Indian guide' who, I am pained to relate, was wholly unsuccessful in guiding me to the spot where I had lost my sweetheart's opal ring. My mother stumbled upon 'Karezza' as the solution of all marital difficulties, and spent several strenuous years, just before her death, in trying to lead my old-fashioned father into the acceptance of that distinctly *fin de siècle* version of the blest tie that binds. I myself went in for Ralph Waldo Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*, one of the 'best sellers' among 'New Thought' books, which sold by the thousands in that department store before the regular, orthodox book stores woke up to the demand. I also dabbled a bit, contentedly, in some of the large, useful-if-true assertions of the Rosicrucians, and had a pleasant winter in a course of study, by mail, under a 'New Thought' teacher who lived in Florida and was afterward caught — quite unjustly, as I still believe — in the rather cheap and wholly gratuitous prosecutions of the Federal postal authorities.

Death overtook Van Epps—I fancy the man had been fighting him off for years — and Mrs. Van Epps moved silently away. Langdon, now a minor stockholder in that Eastern 'concern,' and the bellwether of our flock, moved on into the Christian Science church, where he looks neither to the right nor the left upon the field where the more reckless browse; the Leonards became spiritualists; the plump Miss Fulton remains, I believe, eclectic in taste and, no doubt, is still happily browsing. After a year of boredom I moved painlessly into a state of happy nescience.

Shams? Well, no, not exactly — merely part of the characteristic mental furnishings of the period, I should say, a sort of department store religion, a vast hodge-podge of promise and half fulfillment, the shopper's El Dorado, dedicated shrewdly, honestly — in its way, reverently — to the everlasting exploitation of the New!

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[*The Cornhill Magazine*]

MRS. PIKEY

BY CHARLES FIELDING MARSH

THEY are all so long ago, these happenings with Mrs. Pikey, that I nearly started with 'once upon a time.' I might have, for I believe there were fairies on the marshland in those days, and I know there were will-o'-the-wisps hovering over the Rushworth swamps, for have I not had them pointed out to my then youthful eyes? —small, blobby, blurred-looking lights, moving mysteriously in the mist — hobby-lanthorns Mrs. Pikey called them, and 'I wor scared ter dade o' them, I wor,' I remember her telling me, when a child. When we were a little older, Hugh and I gave her a particularly bad time with a lantern swung from a trolling rod, as she returned from shopping one foggy night, but that incident is only by the way and not worth troubling about.

Mr. and Mrs. Pikey lived in the smallest house I ever remember to have seen. It stood alone on Rushworth Quay, a tiny dwelling with but two rooms downstairs, the keeping-room and a lean-to back kitchen. The house was so low that a tall man, standing on tip-toe, could without difficulty have looked in at Mrs. Pikey's bedroom window, a dormer with reed thatch so thick that the wonder was the wattle walls supported it. I can still see myself standing on the oaken threshold, can still feel the hot sun bake down on my then fair head — once more the calves of my legs are being blistered at the spot where the socks left off and the knickerbockers began. Mrs. Pikey's house fascinated me; in comparison with the glare outside, all was so dark and mysterious within, so shadowy and blurred, with just one glowing crimson spot, the fire, which stood up on a high grate and, like some holy lamp, was ever alight. I can still hear Mrs. Pikey's rasping voice (she was old even in those days and yet she lived another twenty years) say, as I stood in the doorway: 'Now, Master Charles, dew yer dew one thing or tother, come in or keep out, though for the matter of that I'd far rather yer kep out, but don't stand jiffling about on my throshol, yer'll shake the door jambs down.' As I advanced, the furniture grew out of the darkness — the shining bureau where Pikey kept his accounts, the two arm-chairs, the china men on the mantel shelf, and above all, the glass rolling pin hanging from a nail. Presently, I could discern the old woman hunched over the fire and opposite her, Pikey, his white nankeen breeches showing above the turned-down thigh boots; the buttons of his beautiful brown velvet coat catching pink lights from the blaze. It was the smell of baking bread that had brought me to the door, bread baked by Mrs. Pikey in an oven which formed a sort of annex to the house, and whose odor was wafted across the quay to play among the reed and litter stacks which were so delightful to climb up and slide down, if only Pikey did n't catch you at it. The opening of that oven door and the perfume of baking dough that it let loose would take me to Mrs. Pikey's threshold, for on those days

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she made harvest cakes as well as bread — pale buns, heavy and sticky with currants, that my soul loved, and if Mrs. Pikey was in a good temper, or if we could make ourselves sufficiently fascinating, or if, which was more probable, she desired to be instantly rid of us, a cake, so hot as with difficulty to be retained in our dirty hands, was the result of our visit.

I suppose in our very young days we were on far better terms with Mrs. Pikey than later, when we came home from school, but, then, Mrs. Pikey as she grew older grew more acid toward us. She held us in suspicion: I remember those were the words she used and she was for ever whipping-up Pikey to look after us. 'Them young warmen were out on Burrough's mesh again ter mornen, bahd's-nesting, I be bound. They ain't above taken pheasants' eggs and all, and sucken on 'em.' (True, Mrs. Pikey, but how hungry we were and how nasty they tasted, though we pretended they were nectar, and swore they gave us strength and agility to fly the dykes with jumping poles.) 'Why yer don't castle the young warmens and dew yer duty, yer old fule, yer, I can't think.'

Our guilty ears often caught these complaints wafted across the water, and we pulled our row boat with the vigor school boys can put into their oars when we heard Pikey answer: 'I 'll get inter my bot and be arter 'em,' and we saw him emerge from the little dyke at the back of his house to start the chase. The threat to be 'castled' made our blood chill as it did that of most Norfolk boys who lived under the jurisdiction of Norwich. It was hateful to be chased off in this way, it was ignominious to have to quake as we sometimes quaked, and Pikey could never be brought to hear reason. Sir Reginald, who owned both the big and little broad, we could at times get round with a written note from our parents, or by boldly accosting him and asking for a day's fishing, he being a weak man and open to guile.

'Yes, only don't go on the big broad disturbing the fowl, understand? And don't let my keeper catch you on the marshes either, and this permission is for one day only. Young devils!' we would hear him add as he swung off. But Sir Reginald was often abroad and the shootings and fishings let — that's how the trouble started when we came home for the holidays and found the Hall closed, or a stranger in it. Then it was that Mrs. Pikey kept Pikey up to his duty and got even with us and, well — we had to get even with her.

Once, on a beautifully misty morning, Pikey still abed and daylight only just breaking, we started spinning on the river. The rain was coming down in torrents as we set out on that expedition the first morning of our August holidays, such rain as only Norfolk can produce, and after the first quarter of an hour's rowing we had to stop and bale, for the bottom boards were afloat. Save that the rain hissed as it hit the waters, all was still, the reeds bending with the wet, though not a breath of wind stirred them; it was one of the mornings of one's life when pike bite ravenously, and no sooner had we extracted the spoon from a fish and cleaned the line and made a fresh cast than we were into another. I suppose every fisherman, if he has persisted in the pursuit and taken every opportunity offered, can speak of *one* day of reward such as this and is content for the rest of his life to dream of that hour or two of fast sport.

I know I have dreamed of the morning when Hugh and I, aged respectively eleven and twelve, caught, turn and turn about, rowing and trolling, six pike each in that mile of the river leading to the prohibited waters of Rush-

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worth. Twelve goodly jack! nothing astonishing in weight, for big fish are only captured in the winter and I don't think our largest weighed more than six or seven pounds, but they were game ones and tried our none too strong tackle. It was the fact of the fish being so beautifully 'on' that morning which led us into temptation and made us decide to risk Pikey being early abroad, and for once Nature came to our aid. The rain had ceased with a last rattling storm and the sun had come out hot and fierce. In a few minutes, a thick steam was rising from the water, the soaking marshes, and the reed-beds, rolling along like smoke from a thousand bonfires, to rise in opal columns till it became an ethereal pink mist from which only the tops of the distant poplars and the summit of St. Helen's tower emerged. On the broad, you could not see twenty yards ahead ——

One thing only we feared: if Pikey were afloat, hidden, as he sometimes hid, in a reed-bed, we might row on to him before we could discern his presence. We took our boots off as we entered the broad and fished and rowed in stockinged feet for fear of the noise our shoes might make while changing from rod to oars, and we lay perdu for some minutes listening for a splash. Our row locks were always well greased and worked as smoothly and noiselessly as a well-running engine, but we knew Pikey's short jerk of a stroke, and the little squeal his oars made. There was not a sound save the constant scream of a coot, or the squeak of a water-hen, and the buffing and splash of water as one or the other fought or beat the waters with its wings. Crested grebe were fishing and a heron called 'Frank — Fr — a — n — k,' as he sailed overhead. Not a soul was about, only a mist getting thicker and a sun, blurred to a swollen orange, coming in and out of the fog, water pale green and oily.

'Now for it,' whispered Hugh, 'and bags I the first spin. I can smell the beggars, why the whole place stinks of fish,' and, indeed, there was a perfume rising from the waters, something of fresh-cut cucumber and boiled salmon. 'Be careful not to clatter the net when you land my fish, sound carries so far in a fog,' was a last injunction as, silently, we set forth on the broad. If we had done so well on the public river what awaited us on Pikey-protected waters a morning like this? Our hearts literally thumped with expectation.

But not a fish, though Hugh made cast after cast, and I pulled patiently on. At last I saw him strike — what was it? One of the goliaths we knew existed in these waters? The catch did not even need the net. 'This one doesn't count,' said Hugh, 'weighs hardly two and a half pounds,' and he unhooked it and flung it contemptuously amidst the others. Round the broad I went again and Hugh hooked another even smaller than the first. 'Rum thing,' said he, 'that they were so ravenously on in the river and not here. I vote we chuck it. Let's land, there's a breeze in those trees, and old Pikey'll soon spot us out here. We'll go up to the Priory and get a glass of hot milk. I'm hungry,' and I was too. They would be milking now, for it was nearly six.

'But supposing Pikey looks into our boat when we are at the farm?'

'What if he does, we got all of them in the river, that's truth. And we are just rowing to get milk and are going back to fish the river again.'

As we landed and tied up to the quay the mist was blowing away in long streamers and Pikey's house, touched by the sun, showed a rich lemon color thatch glistening and dripping at the eaves in showers.

'Look! There goes the old chap up the hill, he has not even seen us land,'

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said Hugh exultingly. I, too, was glad; unlike Hugh I was always fearful of meeting Pikey, for even if perfectly innocent at the moment, there were so many back numbers to be referred to.

'I wonder if Mrs. Pikey is still in bed?' whispered Hugh, and I answered: 'Of course she is, the fire's not yet lighted, you can see that by the chimney.'

The sight of an open window attracted our attention, for we both knew in what an unholy atmosphere of 'fug' Mr. and Mrs. Pikey loved to sleep, and the only explanation of the matter was that Mrs. Pikey in her office of keeper of the keeper had felt it her duty to have an early 'peek out.' That open window gave truth to Shakespeare's saying:

> How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done ——

for Hugh at once exclaimed 'Let's tip-toe back to the boat and get those little squits of jack we got out of the broad and chuck them in to her; great joke, they are very lively, and we are bound to land them on the bed for it takes up nearly the whole room. It's an easy shot if we get well under the window, and then we'll slip back to the boat without her seeing us. It's only right they should have the two fish taken on their blessed broad, a kind of "Render unto Cæsar" the things that are Cæsar's. Come on.' Hot milk forgotten, we tip-toed back to the boat, found our fish, and carrying, with finger and thumb between their eyes, the shiny, slime-covered 'reptiles,' we advanced to the house. The window which stood so invitingly open was not the dormer above the door but a small one, knocked into the gable end and looking out on to the broad; it had been put in for observation purposes. A dyke in which Pikey kept his boats ran almost under it, and there was only about a foot of nettle-grown earth between the dyke and the end of the house. On this we got a footing and, then with a lob, 'slap' went Hugh's fish through the opening and 'slap' went mine, and they must have hit the wall at the far side of the room, against which the bed stood. We held our breaths during that moment of painful silence in which I felt rooted to the soil, and then came in a high-pitched voice: 'What the tarnation——?' and then a scream, a scream so sharp and shrill that it started us into a run and we fled over reed-shoves and litter-heaps as fast as legs could carry us, to be followed by yells, more painful than the screams. Hugh first reached the boat into which he slid; I followed, and, as I peeped round the end of the litter-stack, I saw the awful apparition of Mrs. Pikey, night-capped head thrust out of window, night-gowned shoulders wedged within the casement as if she were trying to get out, while her mouth framed the word 'Jarge — J — a — r — ge.'

We dared not row out on to the broad but hugged the shelter of litter-stacks and reed-beds, and so got home by divers and tortuous dykes across the marshes to the Fleet, and round by St. Benet's; two hours it took us — this journey of half an hour. And long after we had put distance between us, we could hear 'Jarge — J — a — r — ge' being cried from the window.

Years and years afterward, when on a fortnight's holiday from the stress and toil of London life, I visited those waters again, I heard that Pikey lay adying. As fast as I could row, I pulled once more to Rushworth; I wanted to grasp that knotted hand and say good-by to the old man. I found him upstairs, propped up in bed; his clean-cut features were the color of alabaster, and his gray locks and whiskers like spun silk. His eyes were dull: it was a minute or two before he recognized me,

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then he feebly raised a hand which seemed heavy as I held it.

I had brought with me some fine old brandy and I urged him to take a drop. 'Ah! that's proper,' he muttered, 'warmth *and* nourishment. That be wery kind on yer, Master Charles, that's something like, that be.' Certainly, it revived the old man, for his eyes shone again, and we began to talk of years ago. I looked out of the little window on to the gray waters of the broad, and then I said 'Do you remember when the two jack came plump through that window on to Mrs. Pikey in bed?'

In a moment, strength returned to the old man. He raised himself on his elbow, his right hand shot out, and his eyes for a second flashed in the manner which used to frighten me as a boy. Shaking a finger at me, he exclaimed 'Well, there, I allus knew that wor you and Master Hugh — young warmens!' A smile illuminated his features, and a chuckle came from him which seemed to start somewhere near his feet and to shake his body all over — for a moment or two he could not speak and then in a weaker voice he uttered this: 'And as my poor old 'oman wor getten out o' bed, one o' them jack nipped her on ter rump,' and he lay back laughing, till I thought he would choke. When I left him, he was still chuckling and ejaculating: 'Ter think on it, nipped her, it did, Gawd bless yer, Master Charles, yer ha' given me something ter think on, yer ha', I'll die laughing about that 'ere.' And I think he did, for by nightfall Pikey was at rest.

But this is a digression. I believe it was the winter of 1890–1891, a winter of iron frosts and deep snow, a winter which lasted from November to March with the broad laid solid for weeks and weeks, with only a channel-way opening with the tide, when we, as Hugh put it, 'fairly housed Mrs. Pikey in.' I remember that we had been on a visit to London and had expended the last of our Christmas boxes in gold-fish for pike bait, for we had heard that the man who had hired the Rushworth shootings and fishings had missed the largest pike seen on the broad for years — its weight was put at twenty-five pounds. He had bungled the landing, had got it under his boat instead of into it, and the fish had broken away. We set our mind on that pike and meant having it.

The tenant, we heard, had gone away and it was doubtful if he would fish again that winter. I must say we tried fair means first; over to Pikey's we went. The first person we met on the quay was Mrs. Pikey, and our hearts sank, for she was wearing one of Pikey's brown velveteen coats, and we knew what that meant: Pikey was laid up and Mrs. Pikey was on duty.

'Where's Pikey?' we inquired.

'Ill indoors with the screwmatics. What do you want along o' he?' she asked, suspiciously.

'Oh, nothing, we just thought we should like to see him, that's all,' we replied, evasively.

'And what in the name o' goodness for? Yer ain't so partial o' seeing him — 'cept ter run away from him. Yer knows I allus dew ha' my suspicions on yer. Yer ain't up ter no gude wanting ter see he, I'll warrant. Been adoing something yer should n't — lestways yer be agoing tew.'

'Oh, no, Mrs. Pikey,' and then I took my courage in both hands. 'We were only wondering if we might have the key of the big broad and try for that big fish, now that the gentleman has gone away.'

'Lawk-a-mussy me! what next? Well, yer can save yer breath o' asken the old chap. Whilst he be laid by I be dewen the keeperen, and I 'on't ha' yer nigh the broad. Our instructions

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is ter keep the waters quiet and I bain't going ter ha' a parcel o' boys trouncing about in them. The key o' the big broad, indeed, tain't likely!'

This was a damper. However we persisted and marched into the cottage with the old woman at our heels. We again made our request to the old man who, with one leg up on a stool, was seated by the fire. Pikey was always more tractable when laid up, and we felt that had it not been for Mrs. Pikey's voluble objections he might have granted our request. He shook his head: ''T is unsarten if the gentleman be comen back; that mollified him considerable losen' that great owd fish. He may ha' a mind ter try for him again. He make a poor hand on it, he dew, but there 't is, I can't grant yer no permission.'

'So there ter be, Master Hugh, now yer knows, and don't let me catch yer nigh the broad.' Thus did Mrs. Pikey stay all further discussion. Hugh's eyes were wandering round the room and there, on a nail, temptingly hung the key of the padlocked chains which kept all would-be sportsmen out of the big broad.

We left with hopes that Mr. Pikey would soon be restored to health and the promise to bring some illustrated papers when we came again. 'What are you going to do?' I asked when we were some distance from Mrs. Pikey who had followed us out of the cottage, and Hugh answered: 'Try and bag that key to-morrow.'

'But they will miss it directly off the nail.'

'There's an old key at home, the very image of it — only it won't open the lock. While you show him the papers I'll exchange it. They 'll never know, and Mrs. Pikey won't be rowing on the big broad this weather, I bet.'

To cut a long story short, it is sufficient to say that the plan succeeded, for while I turned over the pictures for Pikey's edification, Hugh with his back to the wall dexterously exchanged keys and not even Mrs. Pikey, blowing up her fire, had any suspicions. It was late in the evening and snowing hard when we left the cottage. There was promise of a great blizzard that night, and we gloated inwardly at the thought of a nice drift against the door to fix in our enemy to-morrow morning and keep her occupied for a bit. All we needed was just one extra hour in which to bag our fish before the keeper's wife did her early patrol.

The snow of the morning had been carefully swept back by Mrs. Pikey and it lay, heaped up, on either side of the cobbled path from gate to door. But now the blizzard meant business, and as we hung about the cottage for half an hour, we watched it coming in clouds as fine as flour across the broad, making white eyebrows of the eaves of Pikey's cottage, and the path was again covered, and there was a perceptible drift against the door.

'What we want to do is to help that drift; let's see if we can get into the maltings and borrow shovels,' Hugh remarked, and we found two wooden ones, good for a silent job, we thought. It was nearly dark now and we had the whole quay to ourselves, and to the heaps of snow we plied our malt shovels so that soon there was a pile against the door as high as the lintel. 'With luck,' said Hugh, as we looked with pride on the finished job, 'and if the wind keeps as straight from the north-east as it is now, that little heap should help the drift considerably.'

'It's doing that now,' I replied, noticing that our work was being beautifully levelled and covered by a fresh gust of eddies which whirled the snow along the ground and on to our heaped-up door. Re-placing the shovels, we walked home by the road, a painful

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tramp through drifts that tried even our young legs.

By the early morning, the blizzard had spent itself and the sky was clear and bright, showing the deepest fall of snow of all that hard winter.

It was only just daybreak when with the aid of the key we took our boat through the channel entrance to the broad. We had pumped Pikey sufficiently to know the whereabouts of the haunt of the large fish, which had so ignominiously broken up the London gentleman. The water was still open enough to leave a passage for our boat, and it looked black against the surrounding ice.

For one hour would we fish. The drift against Pikey's door would occupy his wife all that time, we knew, and if we could n't hook the beggar by then — well, he was n't feeding and we could give up the venture. So the best and largest gold fish in our bait can was cast over the side, and we watched it swim away. In a moment there was a swirl and a splash and we, who had been arranging for an hour's fishing, found that we were into our prize in the first minute. Hugh slacked off the line: 'Let him take it well down him,' he whispered. 'I shan't strike yet.' The excitement of those moments of waiting! The knocking of the ripples against the boat was the counterpart to the beating of our hearts as we watched the line being taken out and torn away from the reel. 'Now,' said Hugh, and he struck; for a second it was as if his hook were into a log, then the rod bent and he had to steady himself in the boat. 'He is on,' he exclaimed ecstatically; 'my word! he is pulling.' First this way, and then that, went the line and then down into the depths, straight as an arrow. 'Keep him on the move, don't let him weed up, whatever you do,' I cried.

'Yes, it's all very well, but I can't move him.' 'Hullo! he's off again,' Hugh called in reply. The fish only showed once — an anxious moment when he came to the surface and shook his head like a dog. But down he went again, and gradually Hugh tired him and without another struggle brought him to the side of the boat, and I slipped the gaff into his gills, and the London gentleman's fish lay in our boat, angrily flapping and bending his body into half circles.

'After all, he's not such a very big one,' said Hugh, giving him his quietus with the butt end of the gaff. 'Not over fourteen pounds, I bet, and the man said he was over twenty; still he was worth coming for.' He was, in fact, the largest fish we had ever landed, and we were able to make sure he was the fish we wanted, for his lip showed that he had been recently hooked. We decided after this to abandon sport, for we knew that as soon as she was able Mrs. Pikey would be on the broad in her boat, looking round. As silently as we had come, we returned through the chains, carefully locking them, and in a convenient reed bush placed our fish.

'Pretty morning's work, neatly done,' was the thought of us both. It only remained to call on Pikey and exchange the keys, and all would be well. Through the still open channel of the little broad we rowed and, landing, made our way to Pikey's cottage. The sight that met us filled us with speechless amazement.

There was a solid wall of snow from just under the eaves, stretching like the side of a mountain to the front gate — we had sealed in our enemy very successfully. From one dormer Pikey's head was thrust out and from another Mrs. Pikey surveyed the scene, while in acrid terms she directed a small boy, who with an inadequate spade was trying to dig his way into the door. 'Well, Pikey,' we called out, 'what a storm

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last night, what a drift in front of your front door,' and Hugh added 'I never saw anything like it.'

'No, nor yet no one else, and tain't altogether the hand o' the Almighty, I don't reckon,' ejaculated Mrs. Pikey.

We ignored the remark and turned to the keeper: 'We'll get some shovels, Pikey, and 'll soon shift this; you see what willing hands can do in about ten minutes.'

'Thank you wery much,' he began, but from the adjacent window Mrs. Pikey's voice interrupted: 'Yes, the same willen hands as helped put it there can take it away again, I reckon.'

'Yer mus n't pay no regards ter what she say, she be naturally a little upset over this ere wisitation,' spoke Pikey. 'She could n't get out ter ha' a look round this mornen, me being laid up and all, and I could n't clear the owd doorway, but if yer'd kindly lend a hand, for that there boy Albert he don't kind o' make no hand on it at all.'

'Certainly, Pikey, we'll borrow some malt shovels and we'll soon dig you out. Lucky we came over with some more picture papers for you,' and so saying we fetched the shovels and started work. The job took longer than we anticipated, for Mrs. Pikey was exacting in her demands:

'Dew yer take it out o' the garden gate and hull it onter quay. I don't want all the slush apouren inter my house when the thaw come. Dew yer hull it over fence, I say.'

We *hulled* it, and very soon we had to take off our coats, for the drift was solid and the work heavy.

The last word was always with Mrs. Pikey: 'There be fules and fules, big and little, in the world. If them tew did n't have a hand in this there drift my suspicions be wholly wrong uns and I never knowed 'em fail yet — not as regards them young warmen. They wor up ter some o' their pranks, I knows. The Almighty don't half bury up housen in snow drifts, tain't likely. And what's more,' and here her voice rose shrill and carried across the quay, 'if the gentleman don't catch that 'ere big pike I shall put tew and tew together and know the reason why.'

. . . . . .

Only the other day Hugh and I were fishing for pike in those same waters. In my pocket was a letter which ran thus:

'. . . By all means have a day's fishing or a week if you like. I will instruct my keeper to wait on you and to do all he can to ensure good sport. If you want lunch, or tea, or a drink, come up to the Hall. I shall be delighted to see you. . . .'

As we passed through the chains, Hugh examined the key. 'It's the same,' he said. 'I remember the little nick at the end of it,' and he passed it back to the keeper with a sigh. We had excellent sport, several fish up to ten pounds. 'But, somehow,' said my companion, putting on the bait, 'fishing is not nearly as exciting as it used to be when we were boys. It's not half the fun being *given* permission to fish.'

Later, he remarked: 'If I get into a really good one, I think I shall walk over with it to Panxworth where Mrs. Pikey is laid to rest.'

'What on earth for?' I asked.

'I'll make a wreath of it, curl it like they do whiting, and lay it on her grave.'

'And do you think her spirit would appreciate the act?' I asked.

'I wonder,' said Hugh, thoughtfully. 'I'm afraid not,' he added presently, 'for though I should do it with all reverence and in love of her, I fear even such an act would once more raise her suspicions.'

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[*The Athenæum*]

THE WIND'S GRIEF

BY F. W. HARVEY

The wind is grieving. Over what old woe
Howls it as though
Its very heart would break?—
The roving wind, who merrily did make
A song all day in woods and meadows gay,
Grieves in the night.

Is it for olden evil it hath done
'Neath moon and sun
Since first it roved the world?
Brave trees uprooted, ships and sailors hurled
To stormy death? or for the passing breath
Of flowers bright?

[*The Athenæum*]

THE ENDURING

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

If the autumn ended
Ere the birds flew southward,
If in the cold with weary throats
They vainly strove to sing,
Winter would be eternal;
Leaf and bush and blossom
Would never once more riot
In the spring.

If remembrance ended
When life and love are gathered,
If the world were not living
Long after one is gone,
Song would not ring, nor sorrow
Stand at the door in evening;
Life would vanish and slacken,
Men would be changed to stone.

But there will be autumn's bounty
Dropping upon our weariness,
There will be hopes unspoken
And joys to haunt us still;
There will be dawn and sunset
Though we have cast the world away,
And the leaves dancing
Over the hill.

THE NIGHT

BY J. D. C. PELLOW

This is the night,
And no stars shine.
Do I need their light
When my love is mine?

The rain falls,
But I care nought.
My heart to me calls:
We have found that we sought.

We have found a gate
That opens out
From the tower of Fate
And the walls of Doubt.

Mine eyes shine,
And my heart stirs,
For my love is mine,
And I am hers.

And I walk on light
And drunken feet,
So fair is the night,
The air so sweet.

O Sun, down under
The sea's deep ways,
For this great wonder
I give thee praise.

MORNING BREATH

BY GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH

The king of night has left his throne.
And dropt his pearls of dew;
A fallen rainbow lies the dawn,
That he from heaven did woo.

Now all around the cocks crow loud.
The air is cold and clear:
No man has yet to labor bowed,
Or creased his brow with fear.

How careless and how rich is life!
How bright the meadows gleam,
Before dark duty sets her knife
Against the stems of dream.

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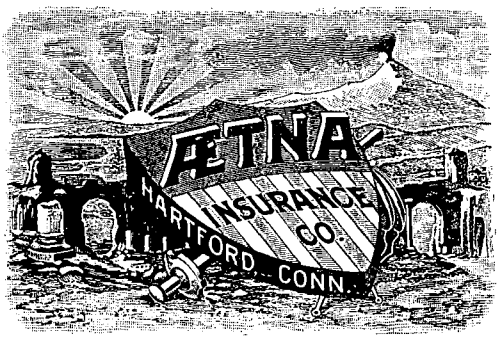

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